

SUMMER

4MOST

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VOL. 4 - NO. 3





WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

4-Thoughts & Afterthoughts

The Editors Write:

Hi, gang!!

We sure hope your victory gardens are well on their way. Those vegetables are needed more than ever this year for the food problem hasn't slackened up a bit. Hop to it, gang!

Another thought we'd like to mention. The War Production Board has sent out an emergency call for help in its tin can salvage program. Only 33% of the available cans are being salvaged, and this proportion must be increased greatly. Tin is vital in this war, as its uses are varied. For instance, 35 pounds of tin go into just one medium tank and nearly 58 pounds are needed for a heavy bomber, long range. Searchlights, antitank guns, X-ray machines and blood-plasma containers are just a few items for which tin is needed desperately. Let's do something about it. You can help a great deal, and we're sure you will.

Swimming weather soon—vacation weather, too, for the end of the school semester is in sight. Have a smacking good time of it, gang, but don't forget your home-front jobs for they're mighty important to the war effort. Our men and women fighting over there will deeply appreciate everything you do to get them safely home that much sooner.

Cordially yours,
THE EDITORS

The Readers Write:

Dear Editors:

If I have ever read a fine magazine, 4 MOST COMICS is it. I have just finished reading the Spring issue and thought Dick Cole was very good. Edison Bell was so very good. I read it twice. The Q's and A's at the bottom of the pages are something new to me and I enjoyed them very much. I'm going to get the next issue the minute it hits the stands.

Thanks for such a fine magazine.

Sincerely,
Katherine Bonville
Troy, New York

The answers at the bottom of the pages are easier to find in this issue than they were in the Spring issue, Katherine.

* * *

Dear Editors:

I like 4 MOST better than other comic magazines that I have read. The Cadet is my favorite story. My father is the first to read 4 MOST when I buy it, for it's really a good book.

A loyal reader,
Allen Erdman
Baltimore, Md.

Let's hope your father gives you a glimpse at this 4 MOST before he gets too absorbed!

* * * *

Dear Editors:

I have read many comic books in my life but I have found 4 MOST best of all! The Q's and A's are interesting and very educational. Dick Cole is my favorite.

Yours truly,
Wanda Doeliner
Palestine, Texas

You'll like Dick Cole even more in this issue, Wanda, for his adventure is an exciting one.

* * *

Dear Editors:

Got a great laugh at your little Victory sprinkler on page 22 of Spring 4 MOST! I would like to see the guy who could handle that can with water in it! When it's strapped on and full of water, hope he has his best suit on!

Luck to you geniuses!
Joseph Vabalas
Hartford, Conn.

O-u-c-h!! Sorry, Joe. We like to print only inventions that can't be criticized. A bathing suit might be safest when you use the sprinkler.

Dear Editors:

I have just finished the latest issue of 4 MOST and I especially liked the questions and answers. Edison Bell and Dick Cole are my favorites. I always read the letters from your readers and I agree with them that it is tops.

You editors should get a lot of credit for 4 MOST COMICS.

4 MOST reader,
Emily Agonowska
New Haven, Conn.

T-h-a-n-k you, Emily! We're glad 4 MOST is such a favorite.

* * *

Dear Editors:

I think 4 MOST COMICS is the best comic book I've ever read. As I am not a comic book fan I only buy one occasionally, but when I first read 4 MOST I was amazed how interesting it really is. The questions and answers are splendid and I don't think they should be changed.

Sincerely yours,
Annie Pappenheim
Brooklyn, New York

The Q's and A's are here to stay, Annie, for you readers get a real kick out of them.

* * *

Dear Editors:

I think that 4 MOST is the best comic I've ever read. I like Dick Cole and Edison Bell the best. I also like the Cadet and Candid Charlie. I like Dick Cole the best, though, because he is full of adventures and fun. I never missed a 4 MOST COMIC since I was 6 years old and now I'm 9!

A loyal reader,
James Gaarn
Bronx, New York

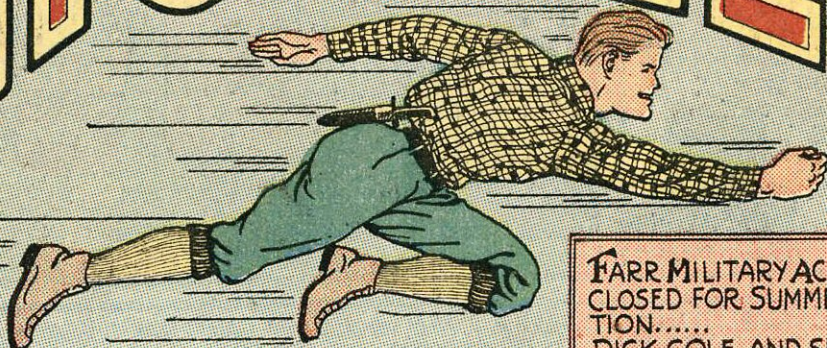
Good for you, James. Keep right on reading 4 MOST you're old and gray!

★ ★ ★

SALVAGE ALL THOSE TIN CANS!

ADDRESS YOUR MAIL TO 4-MOST COMICS, 111 WEST 19th St., NEW YORK 11, N. Y.
\$1.00 in War Stamps will be sent to the writer of each letter published on this page.
25c in War Stamps will be sent if a portion of a letter is used.

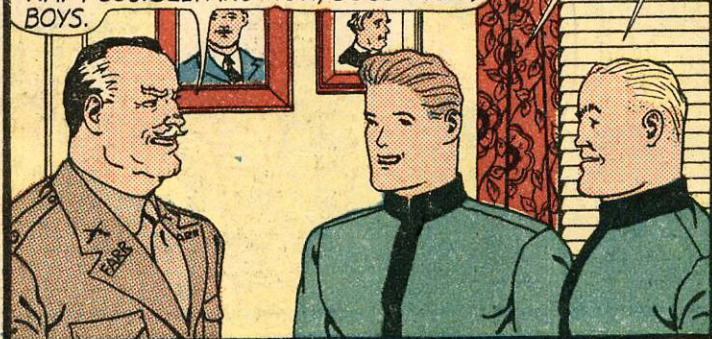
DICK COLE



-JIM WILCOX-

I HAVEN'T BEEN IN TOUCH WITH CAL HENRY RECENTLY, BUT JUST GIVE HIM MY LETTER, AND I'M SURE HE'LL HELP YOU IN EVERY WAY POSSIBLE. AND NOW, GOOD NIGHT, BOYS.

GOOD NIGHT, SIR.



FARR MILITARY ACADEMY IS CLOSED FOR SUMMER VACATION.....

DICK COLE AND SIMBA KARNO HAVE DECIDED TO TAKE A CANOE TRIP INTO THE NORTH COUNTRY FOR THEIR VACATION.....

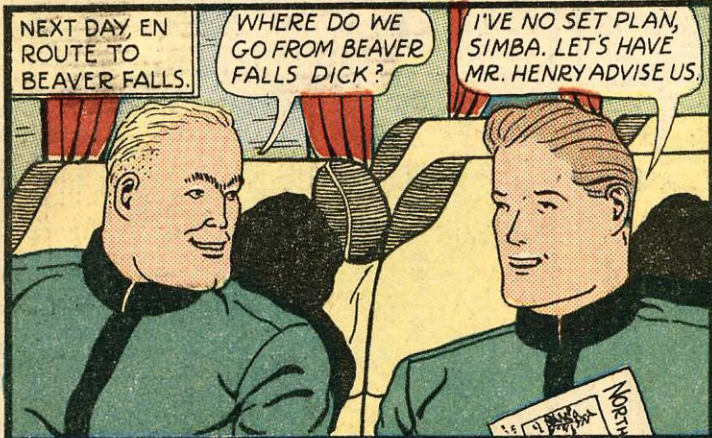
WHEN MAJOR FARR IS TOLD OF THE PLAN, HE NOT ONLY APPROVES, BUT GIVES THE BOYS A LETTER TO AN OLD FRIEND OF HIS LIVING AT BEAVER LAKE.

IT IS THE EVENING PRIOR TO THE BOYS' DEPARTURE....

NEXT DAY, EN ROUTE TO BEAVER FALLS.

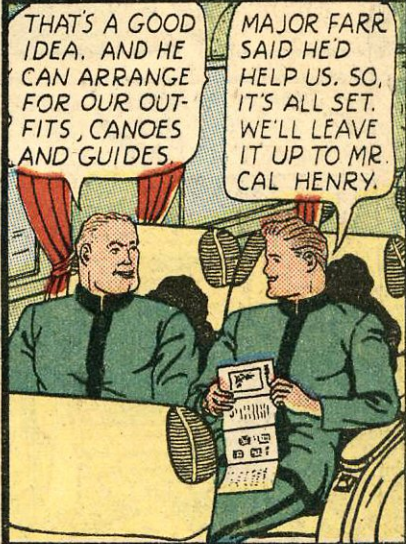
WHERE DO WE GO FROM BEAVER FALLS DICK?

I'VE NO SET PLAN, SIMBA. LET'S HAVE MR. HENRY ADVISE US.



THAT'S A GOOD IDEA. AND HE CAN ARRANGE FOR OUR OUTFITS, CANOES AND GUIDES.

MAJOR FARR SAID HE'D HELP US. SO, IT'S ALL SET. WE'LL LEAVE IT UP TO MR. CAL HENRY.



Art Director
MEL CUMMIN

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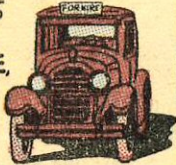
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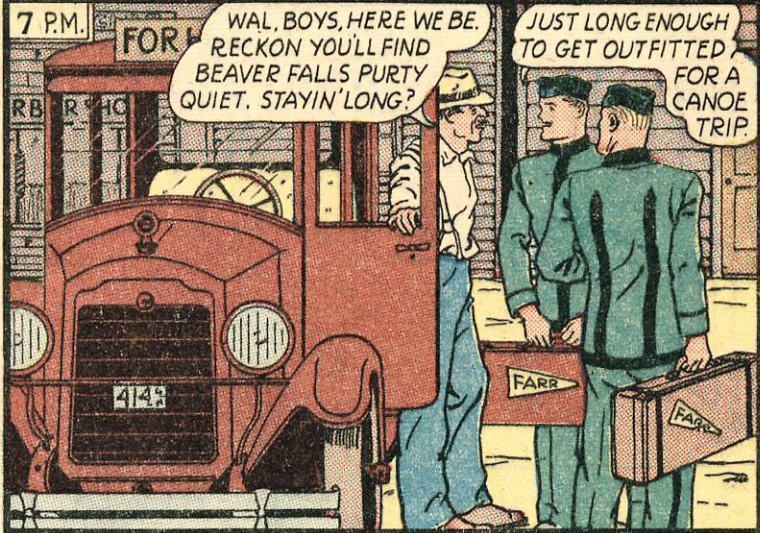
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THE NEXT EVENING THE BOYS MAKE CONNECTIONS WITH A BRANCH LINE AT JUNCTION CITY FOR RAILS END, AND-

THE FOLLOWING EVENING THEY ARRIVE AT RAILS END. HERE THEY HIRE AN ANCIENT AUTO FOR THE 30-MILE DRIVE CROSS COUNTRY TO BEAVER LAKE, STARTING POINT OF THEIR TRIP.



7 P.M.



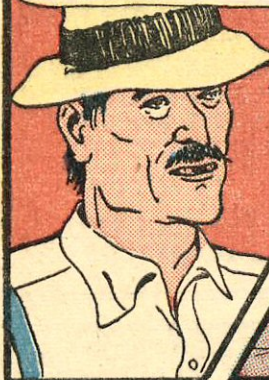
WAL, BOYS, HERE WE BE. RECKON YOU'LL FIND BEAVER FALLS PURTY QUIET. STAYIN' LONG?

JUST LONG ENOUGH TO GET OUTFITTED FOR A CANOE TRIP.

CANOE TRIP? YOU BETTER HEV GUIDES, 'CAUSE THIS IS WILD COUNTRY. AND, EF YO'RE PLANNIN' TO KI-YOOT UP MOOSEHEAD WAY.... **DON'T!**

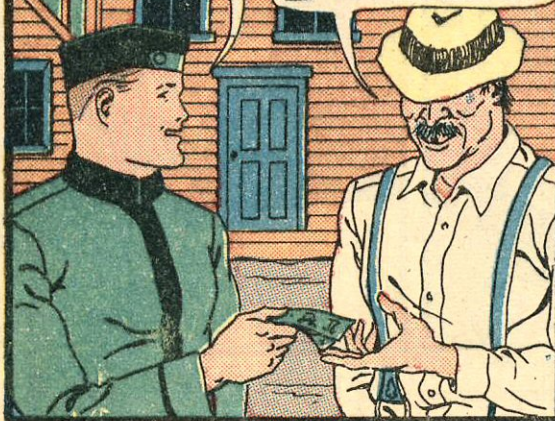
WHY, WHAT'S WRONG WITH THE MOOSE-HEAD, MR. PEELER?

CAIN'T 'ZACKLY SAY, BUT A COUPL'A FELLERS DISAPPEARED ON THE "MOOSE" LAST MONTH. BUT, I AIN'T TRYIN' TER TELL YOU YER BIZNESS.



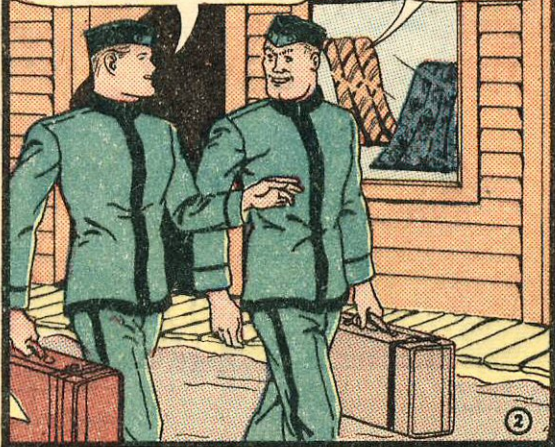
WELL, THANKS, MR. PEELER. HERE'S THE FARE. NICE TO HAVE MET YOU.

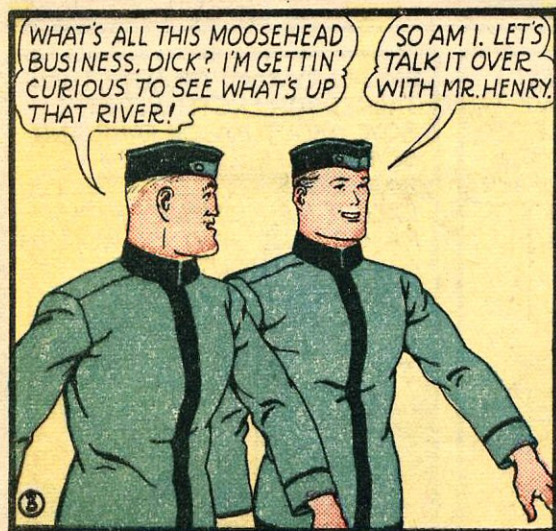
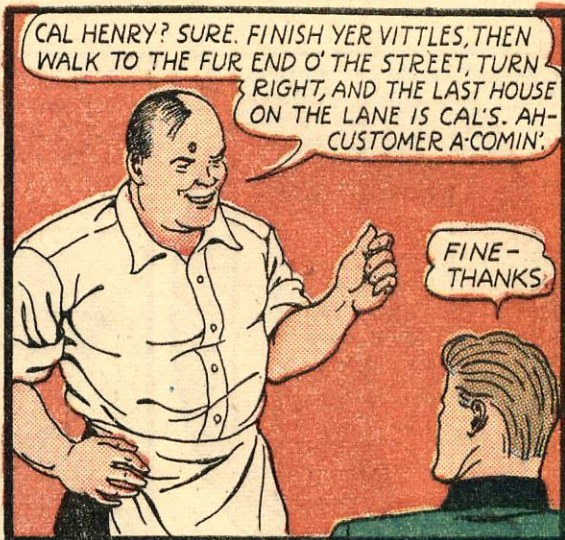
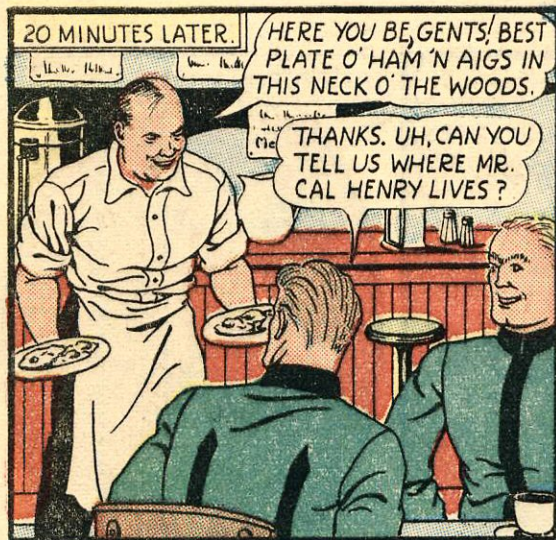
DOLLAR EXTRY! THANKEE! KEEP YER EYES PEELED EF YOU DO GO UP THE "MOOSE"!



SIMBA, LET'S STOP IN THAT EATING PLACE AND ASK WHERE MR. HENRY LIVES.

LET'S STOP AND EAT! I'M ABOUT STARVED!

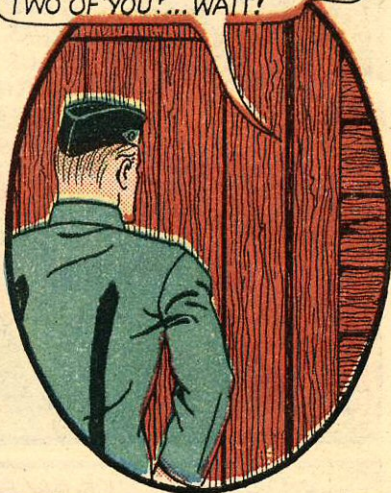




WHO'S OUT THERE?!

MR. HENRY? THIS IS DICK COLE AND SIMBA KARNO, CADETS AT MAJOR FARR'S MILITARY ACADEMY... WE HAVE A LETTER FOR YOU FROM MAJOR FARR.

LETTER FROM MAJOR FARR?... TWO OF YOU?... WAIT!



SILENCE—THEN THE SOUND OF THE DOOR BEING UNBOLTED—A SHUFFLING, LABOR-ED MOVEMENT, AND THE VOICE COMMANDS,

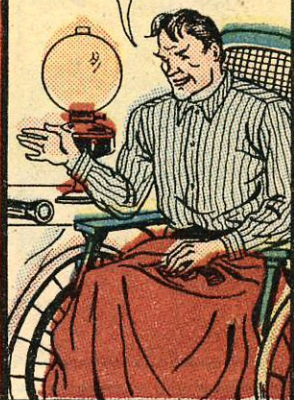
"COME IN, ONE AT A TIME! LAST ONE CLOSE AND BOLT THE DOOR!"

DICK AND SIMBA ENTER AND ARE CAUGHT IN A BEAM OF LIGHT—

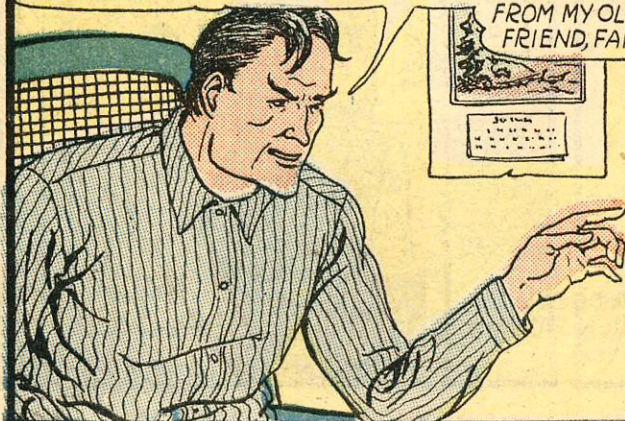
HOLD STEADY!.....WELL, YOU LOOK ALL RIGHT...WAIT, I'LL LIGHT UP



THERE! SIT DOWN. I'M CAL HENRY. ER-EXCUSE THE RECEPTION, BUT—

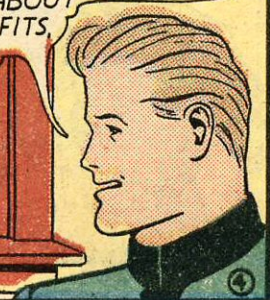


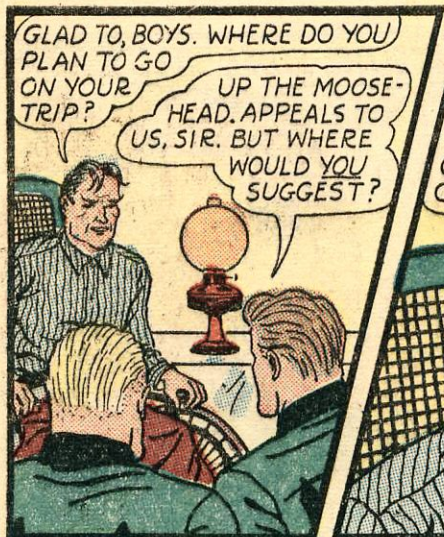
I'VE HAD PROWLERS AND I'M LAYIN' FOR 'EM AS BEST I CAN, BEIN' CRIPPLED UP. NED, MY HELPER, WON'T BE BACK TILL TOMORROW. AH-UH, YOU HAVE A LETTER FROM MY OLD FRIEND, FARR?



CAL HENRY READ THE NOTE, THEN TALKED AT LENGTH WITH THE BOYS ABOUT MAJOR FARR AND SCHOOL LIFE... FINALLY—

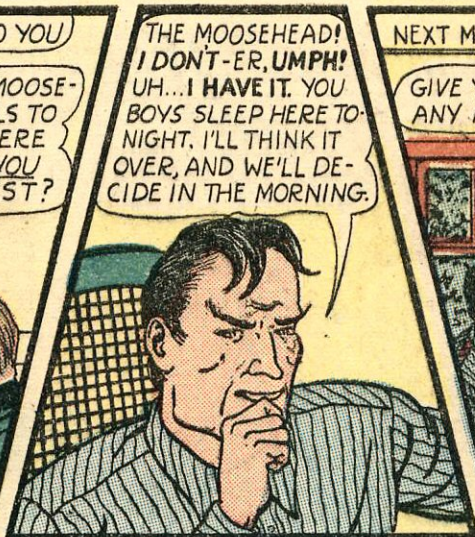
EXCUSE ME, MR. HENRY, BUT-ER-MAJOR FARR SAID YOU WOULD ADVISE US ABOUT GUIDES, OUTFITS, AND SO ON, WILL YOU, SIR?



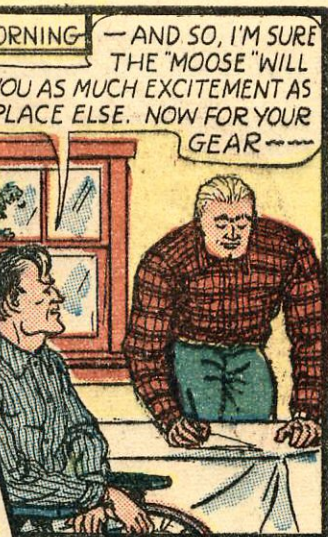


GLAD TO, BOYS. WHERE DO YOU PLAN TO GO ON YOUR TRIP?

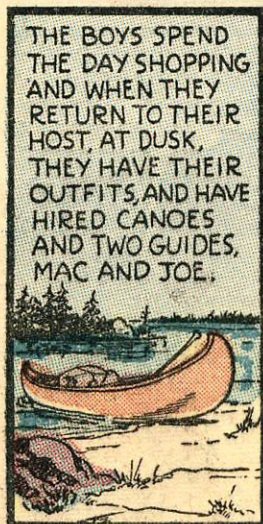
UP THE MOOSE-HEAD. APPEALS TO US, SIR. BUT WHERE WOULD YOU SUGGEST?



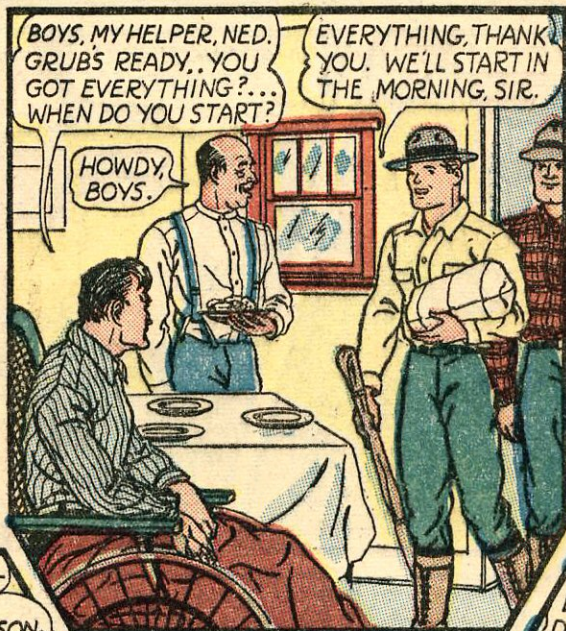
THE MOOSEHEAD! I DON'T-ER, UMPH! UH... I HAVE IT. YOU BOYS SLEEP HERE TO-NIGHT. I'LL THINK IT OVER, AND WE'LL DECIDE IN THE MORNING.



NEXT MORNING— AND SO, I'M SURE THE "MOOSE" WILL GIVE YOU AS MUCH EXCITEMENT AS ANY PLACE ELSE. NOW FOR YOUR GEAR—



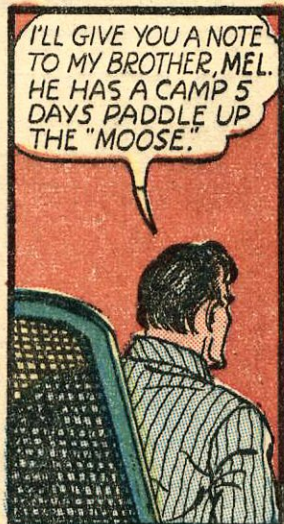
THE BOYS SPEND THE DAY SHOPPING AND WHEN THEY RETURN TO THEIR HOST, AT DUSK, THEY HAVE THEIR OUTFITS, AND HAVE HIRED CANOES AND TWO GUIDES, MAC AND JOE.



BOYS, MY HELPER, NED. GRUB'S READY. YOU GOT EVERYTHING?... WHEN DO YOU START?

EVERYTHING, THANK YOU. WE'LL START IN THE MORNING, SIR.

HOWDY, BOYS.

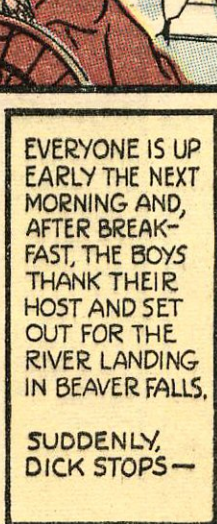


I'LL GIVE YOU A NOTE TO MY BROTHER, MEL. HE HAS A CAMP 5 DAYS PADDLE UP THE "MOOSE."



HERE'S THE NOTE. ER—MIND DELIVERING THIS, TOO? VERY PERSONAL! FOR MEL-ONLY!

GLAD TO, MR. HENRY.



EVERYONE IS UP EARLY THE NEXT MORNING AND, AFTER BREAKFAST, THE BOYS THANK THEIR HOST AND SET OUT FOR THE RIVER LANDING IN BEAVER FALLS.

SUDDENLY, DICK STOPS—



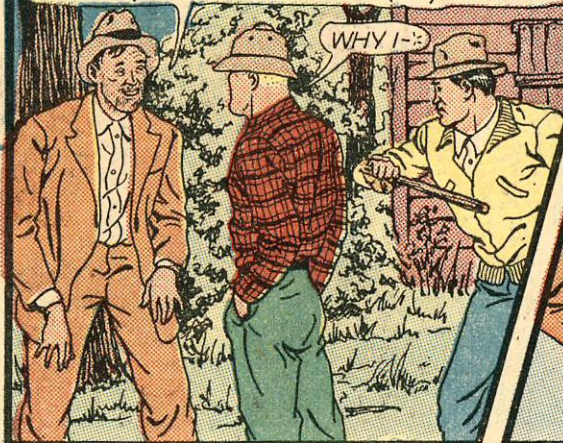
OKAY.

GO ON, SIMBA. I'M GOING BACK TO HENRY'S TO DROP A NOTE TO MAJOR FARR. I'LL CATCH UP WITH YOU.

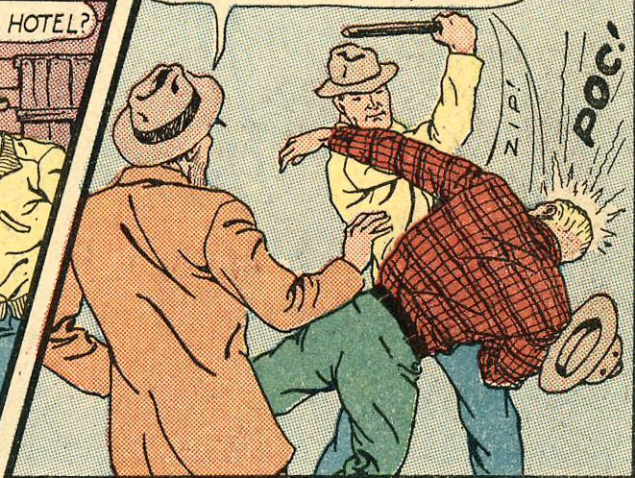
AS SIMBA LEAVES THE LANE TO ENTER MAIN STREET—

SHAY, (HIC) MISHA, WHERSH THE (HIC) STAR HOTEL?

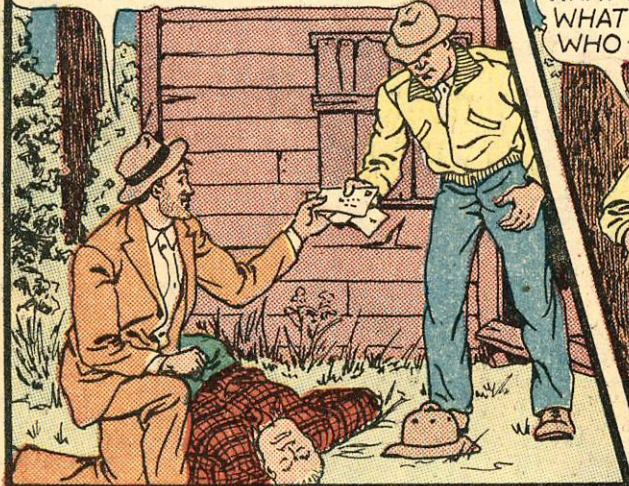
WHY I—



THAT'S THE STUFF, BILL!

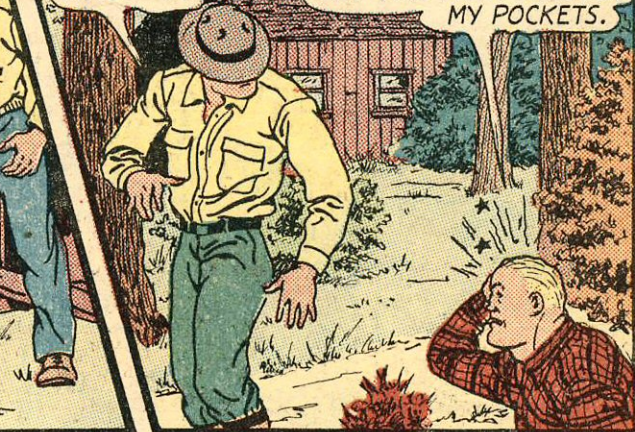


THAT'S ALL I CAN FIND. LET'S GO.



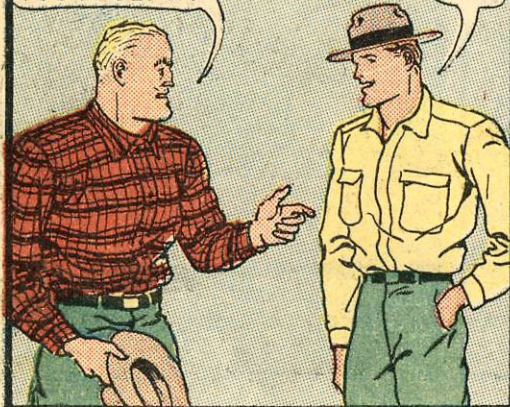
WHAT ON *SIMBA!
WHAT HAPPENED?
WHO —*?

TWO GUYS JUMPED ME—
ALMOST KNOCKED ME
OUT— AND WENT THROUGH
MY POCKETS.



DICK! ALL THEY TOOK WAS
MY MAP, LICENSE AND SOME
LETTERS... NOTHING ELSE!
I DON'T GET IT!

NOR I... WELL,
LET'S GET ON
TO THE LAND-
ING.



THE GUIDES HAVE EVERYTHING READY, AND, IN A
FEW MINUTES, THE PARTY IS ON ITS WAY UP THE
"MOOSE."





THEY PADDLE ALL DAY AND MAKE CAMP AT DUSK.

ISN'T THIS GREAT, DICK?

YOU BET! TOMORROW, EARLY, WE'RE GOING TO GET SOME FISH FOR BREAKFAST.

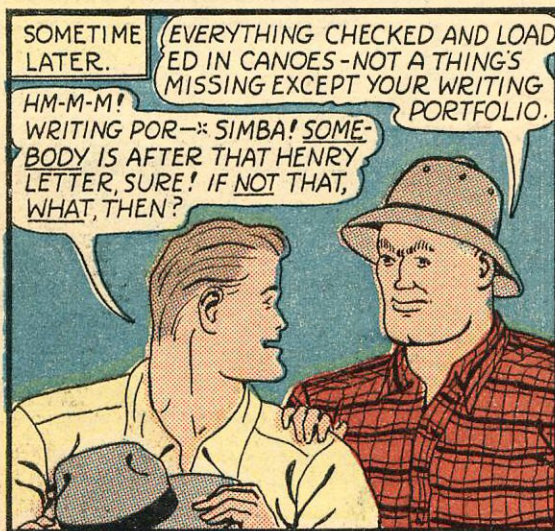


RETURNING WITH A GOOD CATCH, THEY FIND—

BY GAR! SOMEONE SHE HAV' ROB ZE CAMP!

WHO ON EARTH!

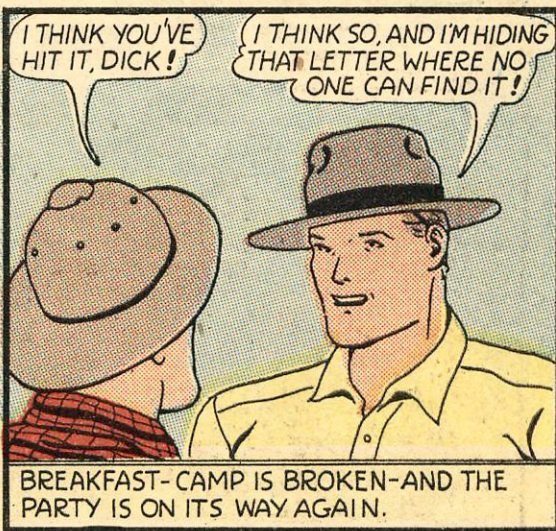
WHY, THE DIRTY BUMS.



SOMETIME LATER.

EVERYTHING CHECKED AND LOADED IN CANOES—NOT A THING'S MISSING EXCEPT YOUR WRITING PORTFOLIO.

HM-M-M! WRITING POR—* SIMBA! SOMEBODY IS AFTER THAT HENRY LETTER, SURE! IF NOT THAT, WHAT, THEN?



I THINK YOU'VE HIT IT, DICK!

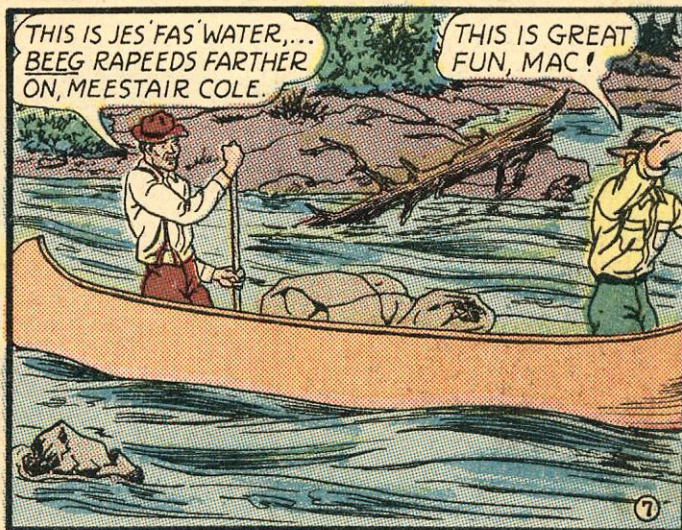
I THINK SO, AND I'M HIDING THAT LETTER WHERE NO ONE CAN FIND IT!

BREAKFAST—CAMP IS BROKEN—AND THE PARTY IS ON ITS WAY AGAIN.



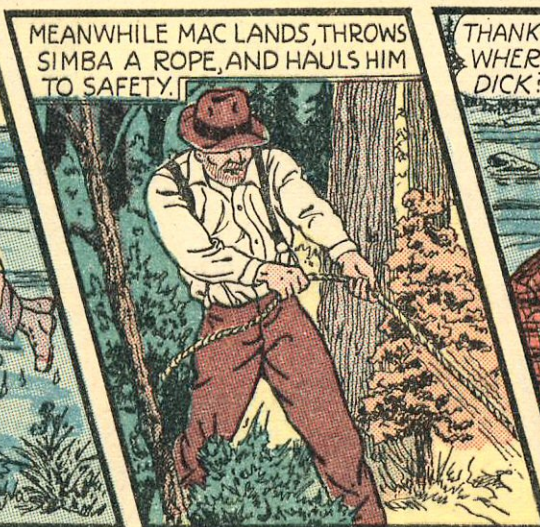
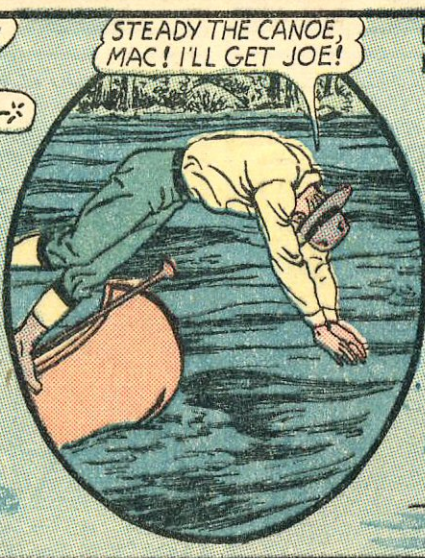
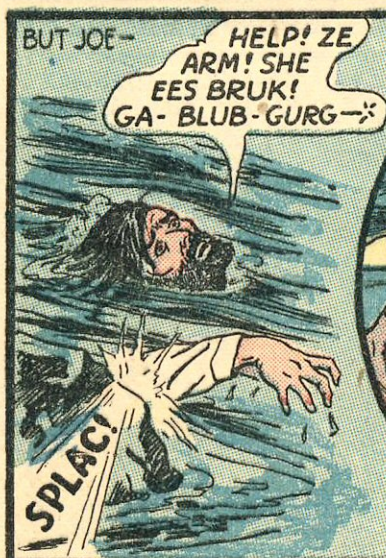
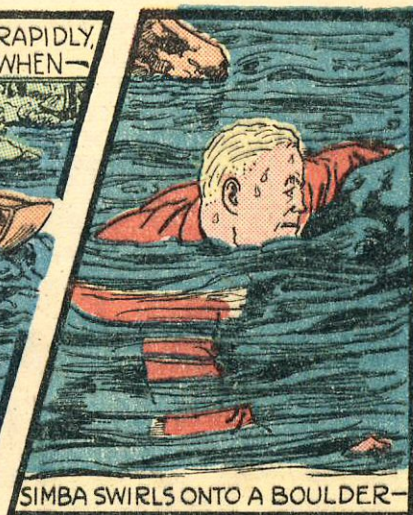
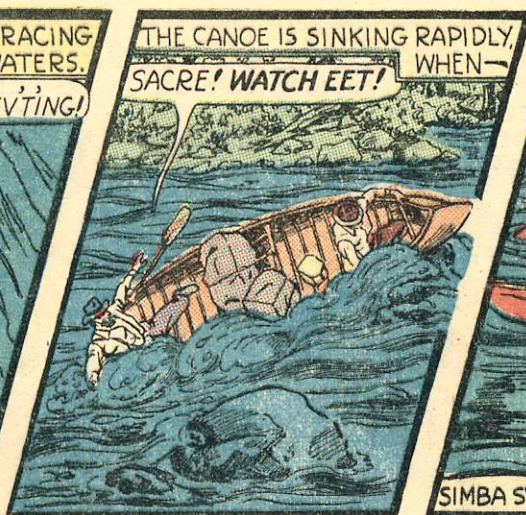
HEY, SIMBA! MAC SAYS FAST WATER JUST AHEAD!

WHE-E-EE! LET'S GO!



THIS IS JES' FAS' WATER,... BEEG RAPEEDS FARTHER ON, MEESTAIR COLE.

THIS IS GREAT FUN, MAC!



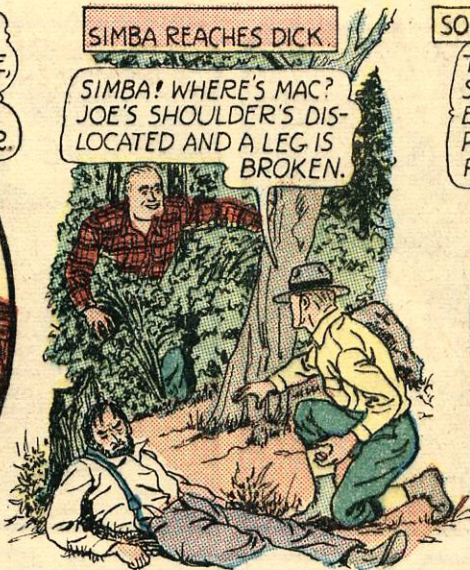
MEESTAIR KARNO, GO SEE
EEF MEESTAIR COLE N' JOE,
SHE ALL RIGHT. I TINK I
FEEX CANOE. EET EES
SNAG ON STOMP YONDAIR.

SIMBA REACHES DICK

SIMBA! WHERE'S MAC?
JOE'S SHOULDER'S DIS-
LOCATED AND A LEG IS
BROKEN.

SOMETIME LATER, MAC APPEARS -

THEE CANOE, I FEEX HEEM.
SOME FELLOW CUT ZE HOLE
EEN ZE BOTTOM, PUT IN ZE
PLUG - COME BAD WATAIR-
POUF! ZE PLUG GO - CANOE
SHE SEENK!



A COUNCIL IS HELD AND-

WHO WOULD
DO SUCH A
THING, MAC?

ME, I DOAN KNOW.
LAK MURDAIR!

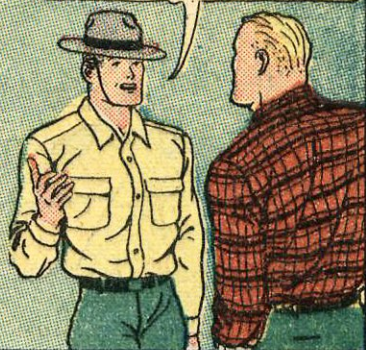
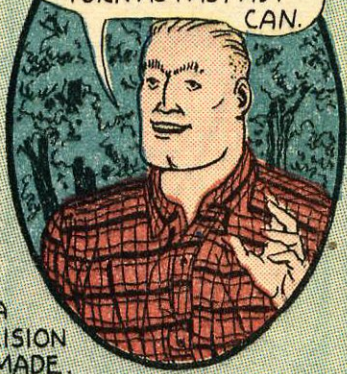
SAY, HOW
ABOUT JOE?

OKAY. I'LL TAKE JOE TO
BEAVER FALLS, GET A
NEW GUIDE, AND RE-
TURN AS FAST AS I
CAN.

RIGHT! MAC AND I WILL
TAKE IT EASY, SIMBA. ...
TRY TO CATCH UP WITH US
BEFORE WE REACH TIMBER
COVE. SO LONG - GOOD LUCK!



A
DECISION
IS MADE.



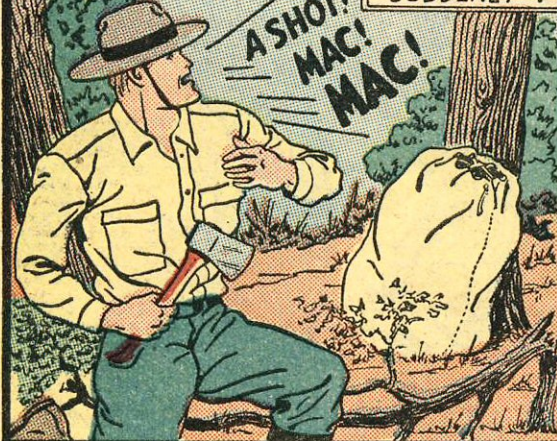
THE PARTY SEPARATES.

ALL DAY, MAC AND DICK
PADDLE LEISURELY
ALONG. DUSK -

WE MAK' CAMP NOW. TO-
MORROW WE COME TO
ZE BEEG RAPEEDS. ON
ZE TOES THEN, OR **POUF!**
OLE "MOOSE" GET YOU!



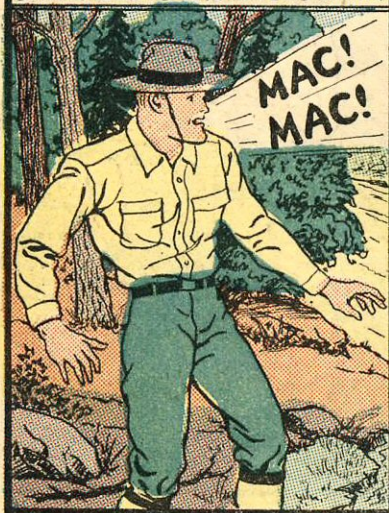
AS DICK STARTS A FIRE, MAC GOES FOR WATER. SUDDENLY—!



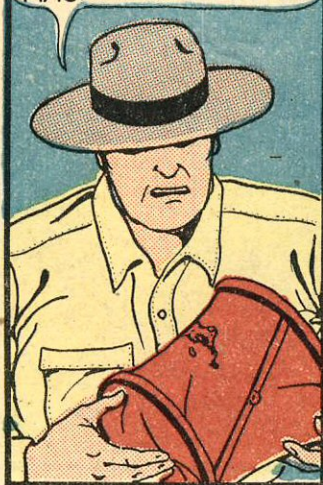
AND ON THE BANK OF THE MOOSEHEAD—



DICK RACES TO THE RIVER'S BANK.



GOOD GRIEF!... BLOOD! MAC! HE-HE'S... DEAD!

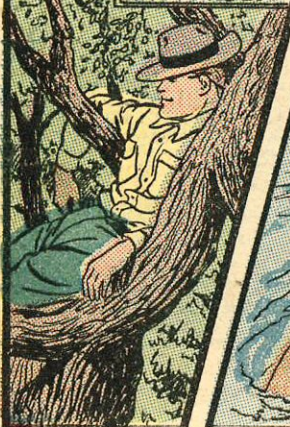


BACK AT CAMP DICK MAKES A RESOLVE.

BY CRACKY! I DON'T KNOW WHAT IT'S ALL ABOUT, BUT, I'M DELIVERING THAT LETTER TO TIMBER COVE, AND THEY CAN'T STOP ME!

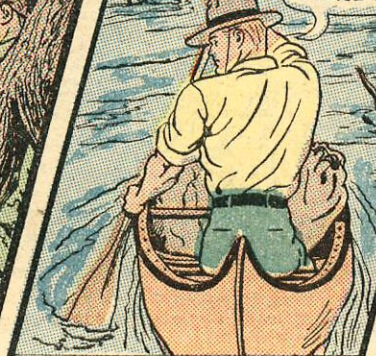


THAT NIGHT DICK SLEPT IN A TREE. HE WAS NOT DISTURBED.



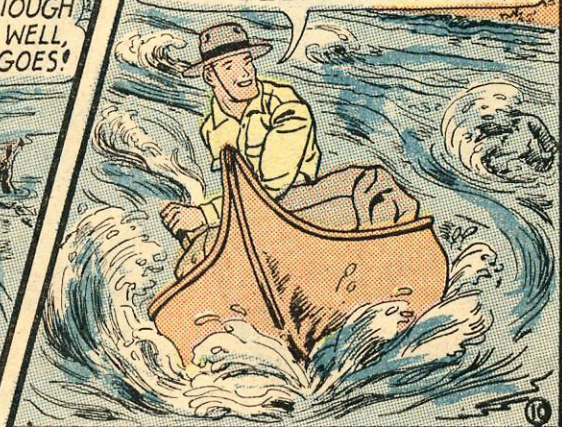
NEXT MORNING, A HURRIED BREAKFAST, AND—

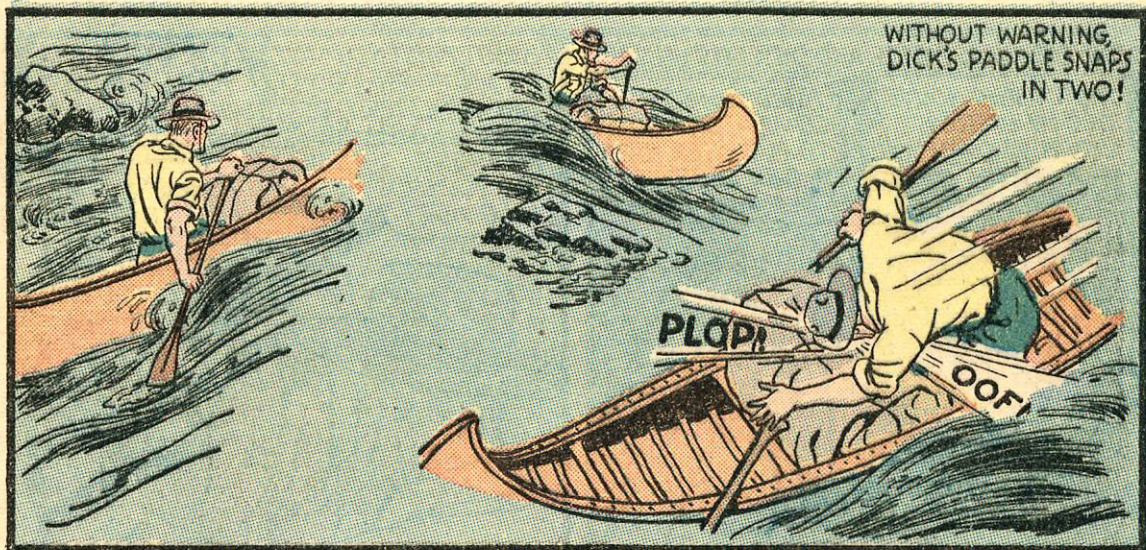
I WONDER JUST HOW TOUGH THOSE RAPIDS ARE? WELL, HERE GOES!



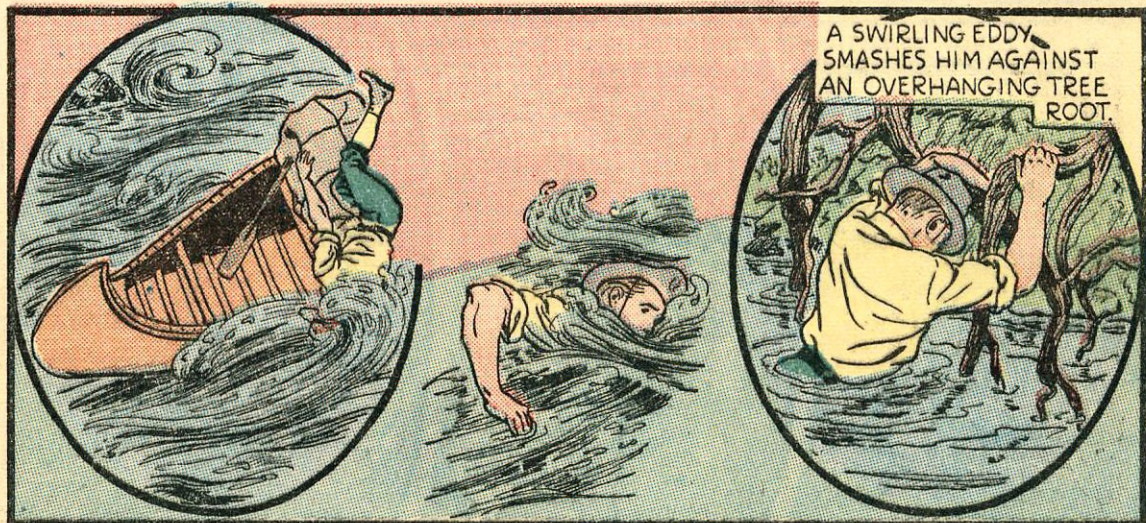
DICK SOON FINDS OUT.

WHO-EEE! THIS IS SOME PIN!

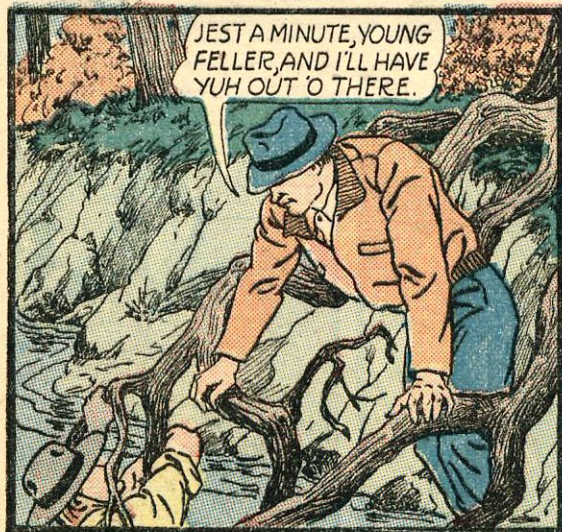




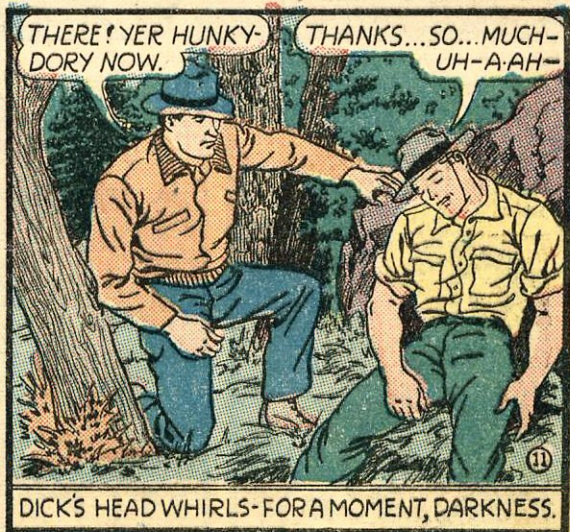
WITHOUT WARNING,
DICK'S PADDLE SNAPS
IN TWO!



A SWIRLING EDDY
SMASHES HIM AGAINST
AN OVERHANGING TREE
ROOT.



JUST A MINUTE, YOUNG
FELLER, AND I'LL HAVE
YUH OUT 'O THERE.



THERE! YER HUNKY-
DORY NOW.

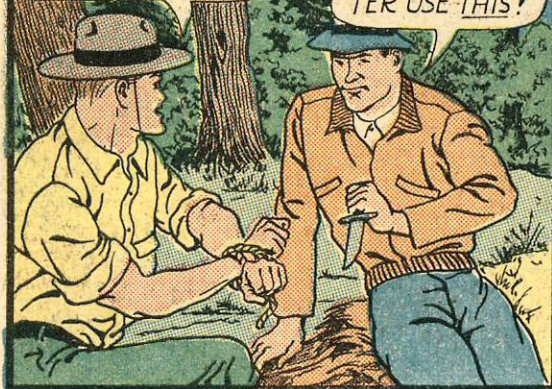
THANKS... SO... MUCH-
UH-A-AH-

DICK'S HEAD WHIRLS- FOR A MOMENT, DARKNESS.

THE DIZZINESS PASSES AND DICK SITS UP.

WHAT THA--: YOU'VE
TIED MY HANDS!
WHY?! WHO ARE YOU?

I TIED YUH SO YOU'LL
COME ALONG QUIET.
I'D HATE TER HAVE
TER USE THIS!

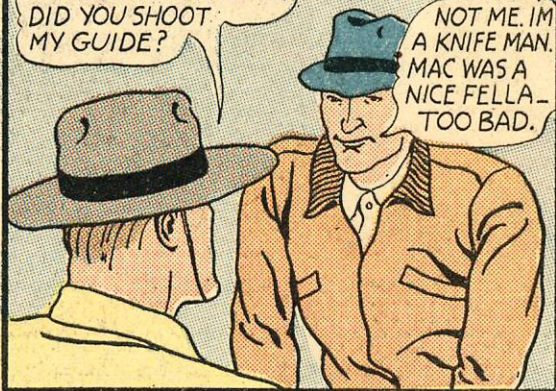


B-BUT, FIRST YOU SAVE
ME AND THEN-I DON'T
GET IT, MISTER!

THE NAME'S BILL.
YOU'LL FIND OUT;...
SOON. AND NOW,
LET'S GIT GOIN'.

ALL RIGHT...UH...BILL,
DID YOU SHOOT
MY GUIDE?

NOT ME. I'M
A KNIFE MAN.
MAC WAS A
NICE FELLA--
TOO BAD.



THEY WALK UNTIL DUSK, THEN-

I HATE TO TIE YER, BUT I
AIN'T TAKIN' CHANCES. WE
GIT THERE TOMORROW
'BOUT TIME
FER SUPPER
G' NIGHT.

THE NEXT NIGHT THEY ARRIVE-

HI-YAH. HERE
WE ARE,
CHIEF.

YOU'RE LATE.
WELL, HAVE
YOU GOT IT?
WHERE'S TIM?



HERE'S ALL
THE PAPERS
WE FOUND,
CHIEF.

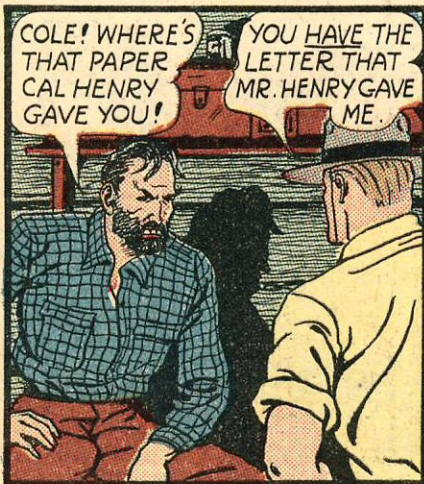
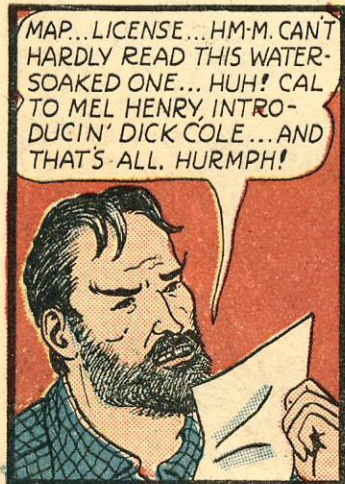
TIM'S TRAILIN'
THIS FELLA'S
PAL. HE WENT
BACK.



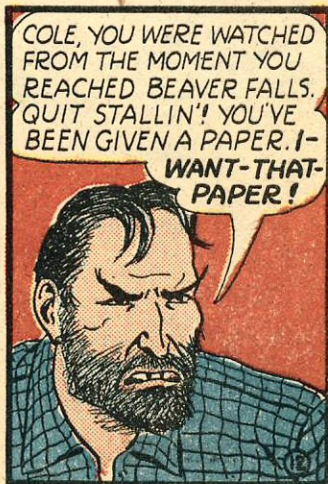
MAP...LICENSE...HM-M. CAN'T
HARDLY READ THIS WATER-
SOAKED ONE... HUH? CAL
TO MEL HENRY, INTRO-
DUCIN' DICK COLE...AND
THAT'S ALL. HUMPH!

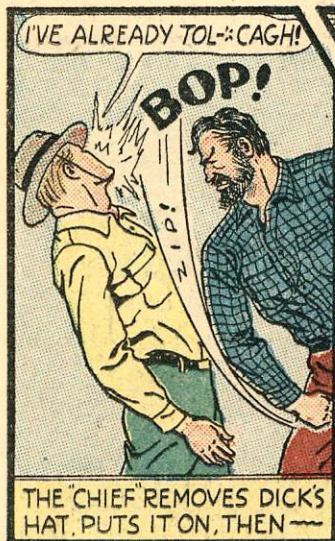
COLE! WHERE'S
THAT PAPER
CAL HENRY
GAVE YOU!

YOU HAVE THE
LETTER THAT
MR. HENRY GAVE
ME.

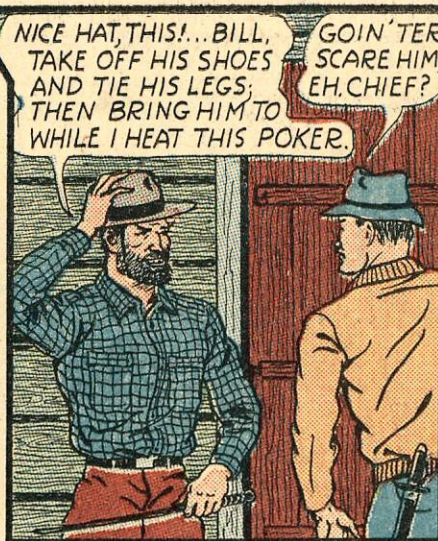


COLE, YOU WERE WATCHED
FROM THE MOMENT YOU
REACHED BEAVER FALLS.
QUIT STALLIN'! YOU'VE
BEEN GIVEN A PAPER. I-
WANT-THAT-
PAPER!





THE "CHIEF" REMOVES DICK'S HAT, PUTS IT ON, THEN —



NICE HAT, THIS!... BILL, TAKE OFF HIS SHOES AND TIE HIS LEGS; THEN BRING HIM TO WHILE I HEAT THIS POKER.

GOIN' TER SCARE HIM, EH, CHIEF?



HE'S HID THAT PAPER, AND HE'S TELLING US WHERE — OR ELSE!



20 MINUTES LATER.

COLE, MAYBE A TOUCH OF THIS ON YOUR BARE FEET WILL MAKE YOU TALK.



BUT AS THE HOT IRON NEARS THE SHRINKING SKIN —
NO! NO! NOT THAT, CHIEF! I THOUGHT YOU WAS JES' FOOLIN'!

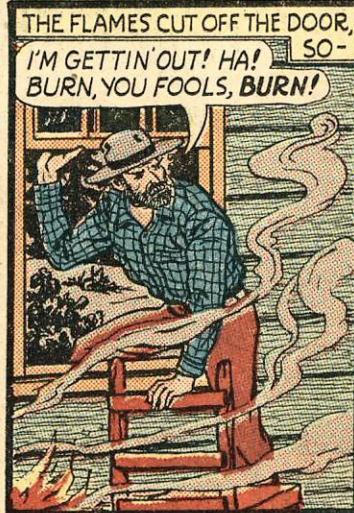


YOU CHICKEN-HEARTED — TAKE-THAT!

THE BLOW FELS BILL AND KNOCKS THE LAMP FROM THE TABLE. UN- NOTICED, THE FLAME SPREADS ACROSS THE FLOOR AND WALLS.



AND NOW YOU STUB — SNIFF-SNIFF! WHAT ON-? FIRE!



THE FLAMES CUT OFF THE DOOR, I'M GETTIN' OUT! HA! SO- BURN, YOU FOOLS, BURN!



THE LICK- ING FLAMES BRING BILL TO.

OUCH! OH, OH! COLE'S TIED AND HELP- LESS!

BILL SLASHES DICK'S BONDS- THEY
DIVE THROUGH THE WINDOW, AND—

THE FIRE'S SPREAD TO THE BRUSH! THIS
WAY-QUICK!

KOFF.

KOFF! THERE'S
A POND AHEAD—
WE'RE SAFE—KOFF!
IF WE CAN MAKE
IT—KOFF-KOFF!

THE FLAMES LEAP TO THE TREES, AND DICK AND BILL
RUN FOR THEIR LIVES—

THERE'S...
THE...POND!
WE'RE...SAFE!

BUT
A FLAMING
TREE CRASHES BILL
TO THE GROUND.

OH—
POOR BILL...
THAT WAS AWFUL!

SOMETIME DURING THE NIGHT,
THE HIGH WIND VEERS AND
CARRIES THE FLAMES TO
THE WEST. BUT IT IS NOON
OF THE NEXT DAY BEFORE
DICK VENTURES FORTH
AMONG THE CHARRED
AND SMOKING TRUNKS.

FOR AN HOUR DICK WALKS
AND THEN FINALLY
COMES TO UNBURNED
GROUND AND SEES A
MAN WEAVING TOWARDS
HIM.

14



HOLY COW! OF ALL THINGS-A
DRUNK!... WAIT- NO!
HE'S HURT!
HEY! WAIT
A MINUTE!

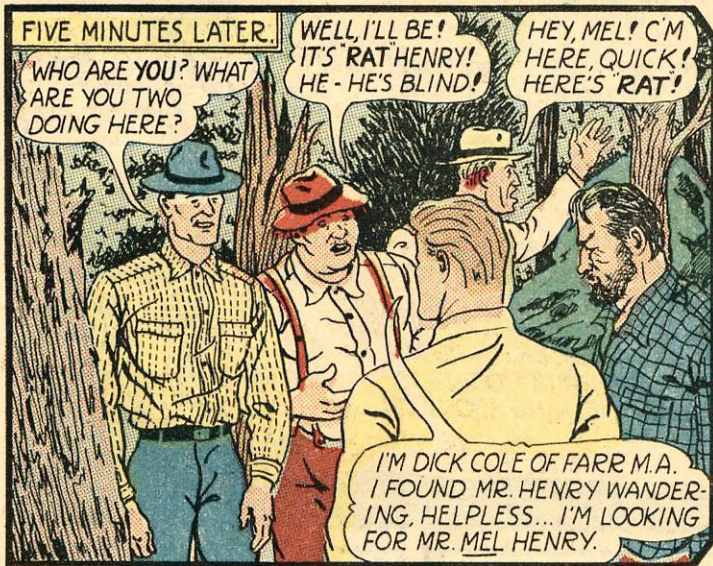


WHY-IT'S
THE "CHIEF!"
OF COURSE.

THAT VOICE...
YOU'RE COLE...
I- I'M... BLIND. A
BLAZING LIMB....
HELP-ME.



FOR HOURS THEY WANDER-LOST.
AT LAST! I SEE SOMEONE!
HAL-OO-OO! HELP!

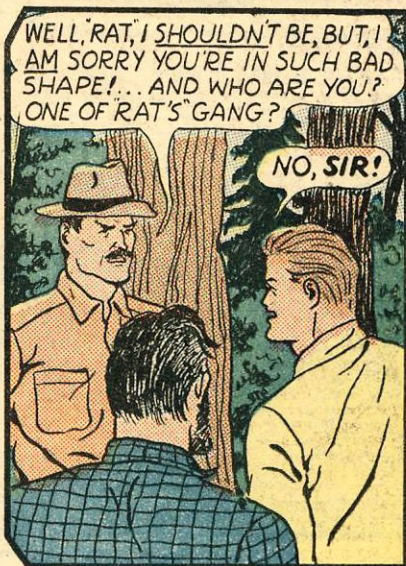


FIVE MINUTES LATER.
WHO ARE YOU? WHAT
ARE YOU TWO
DOING HERE?

WELL, I'LL BE!
IT'S "RAT" HENRY!
HE- HE'S BLIND!

HEY, MEL! C'M
HERE, QUICK!
HERE'S "RAT!"

I'M DICK COLE OF FARR M.A.
I FOUND MR. HENRY WANDER-
ING, HELPLESS... I'M LOOKING
FOR MR. MEL HENRY.



WELL, "RAT," I SHOULDN'T BE, BUT, I
AM SORRY YOU'RE IN SUCH BAD
SHAPE!... AND WHO ARE YOU?
ONE OF RAT'S "GANG"?

NO, SIR!

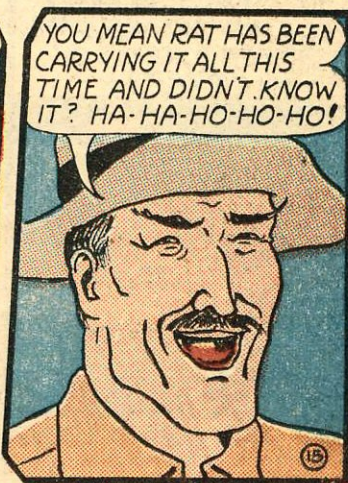


YOU ARE MEL HENRY? I
AM DICK COLE. I HAVE A
PAPER FOR YOU FROM
YOUR BROTHER, CAL.
HE ->



**WHAT! YOU
HAVE? WHERE
IS IT?!**

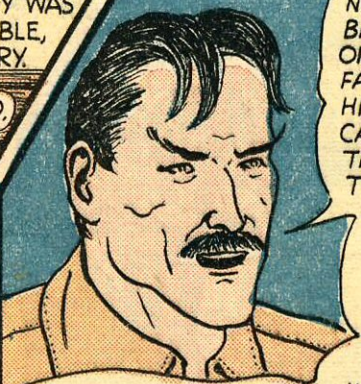
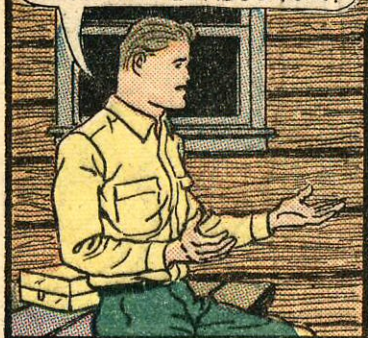
RIGHT HERE, IN THE
BAND OF MY HAT.



YOU MEAN RAT HAS BEEN
CARRYING IT ALL THIS
TIME AND DIDN'T KNOW
IT? HA- HA- HO- HO- HO!

AT MEL HENRY'S CAMP, "RAT" HENRY WAS MADE COMFORTABLE AS POSSIBLE, AND THEN DICK TOLD HIS STORY.

— AND THAT'S WHAT HAPPENED, SIR. ER... MIND MY ASKING WHAT IT'S ALL ABOUT, SIR?



NOT AT ALL, DICK... WE ARE THREE BROTHERS; CAL, MYSELF AND JOHN— OR "RAT," THE BLACKSHEEP OF THE FAMILY. FATHER CUT "RAT" OFF IN HIS WILL, AND LEFT CAL AND ME A HUGE TRACT OF VIRGIN TIMBER.



THERE WAS A PROVISIO IN THE WILL. WE HAD TO START CUTTING TIMBER BY A CERTAIN DATE OR WE FORFEITED THE LAND AND TIMBER. WELL, CAL AND I KEPT PUTTING IT OFF UNTIL ONE DAY WE REALIZED BUT SIX WEEKS REMAINED UNTIL THE DEADLINE.

THEN CAL WAS BADLY CRIPPLED. HE DECIDED TO SELL OUT TO ME. TWICE HE SENT MEN WITH THE QUIT CLAIM DEED I HAD TO HAVE TO BEGIN OPERATIONS BUT— "RAT" HAD LEARNED OF OUR DEAL. HE DETERMINED CAL AND I WOULD NOT CASH IN ON OUR INHERITANCE. HE KILLED THE MESSENGERS AND DESTROYED THE DEEDS.



BUT YOU DELIVERED THE DEED. WE START CUTTING TOMORROW—OUR LAST DAY UNDER THE WILL. CAL AND I ARE GREATLY IN YOUR DEBT, DICK, AND ARE CERTAINLY GOING TO DO SOMETHING ABOUT IT!



SIMBA ARRIVES AT TIMBER COVE AND TWO DAYS LATER THE BOYS CONTINUE ON THEIR CANOE TRIP.



VACATION OVER, THE BOYS RETURN TO FARR. A LETTER IS WAITING FOR DICK

SIMBA! LISTEN! "DEAR DICK: IN APPRECIATION OF YOUR SERVICES, I HEREBY PRESENT YOU WITH A 2000 ACRE TRACT OF VIRGIN TIMBER, LOCATED AS FOLLOWS: "



AND HERE'S THE DEED! WOW! WE'RE LUMBER KINGS, SIMBA!

WE???

OF COURSE! I'M GIVING YOU HALF THE TRACT!



IF YOU WANT A WORLD THAT'S FREE
BUY WAR BONDS FOR VICTORY

Edison BELL

THE CASE OF THE DOGNAPPED COLLIE!

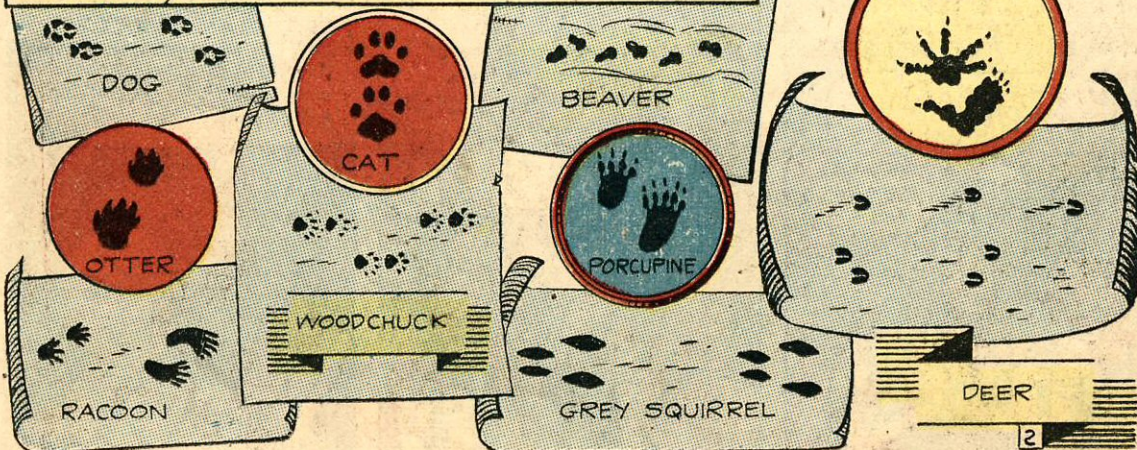
IN WHICH ED, JERRY, PAT AND BABS LEARN THE SECRET OF THE DISAPPEARING DOG, TANGLE WITH THE HORRIBLE HERMIT, AND MAKE TEN NEW FRIENDS!

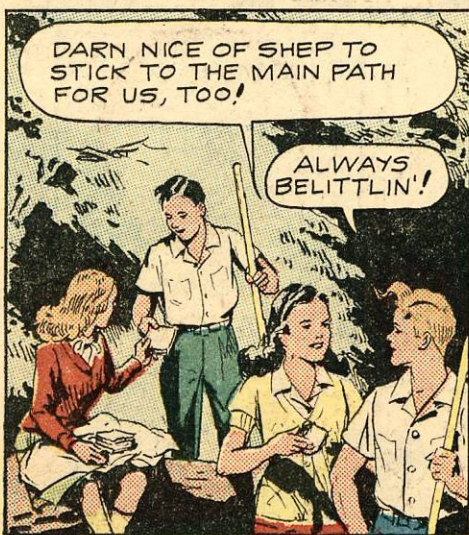
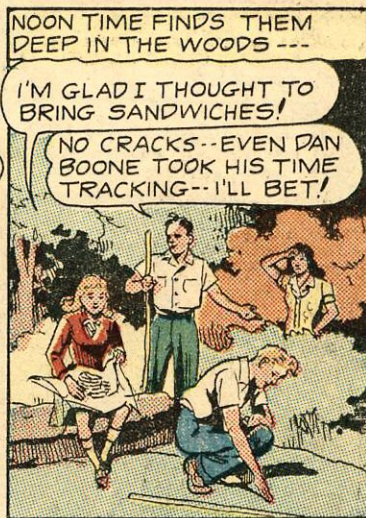
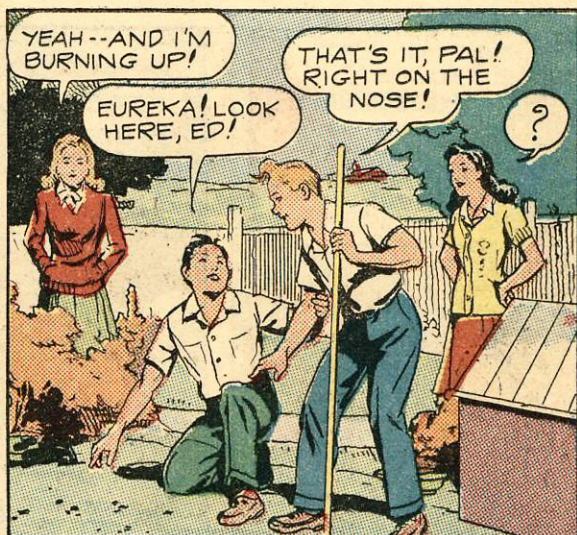
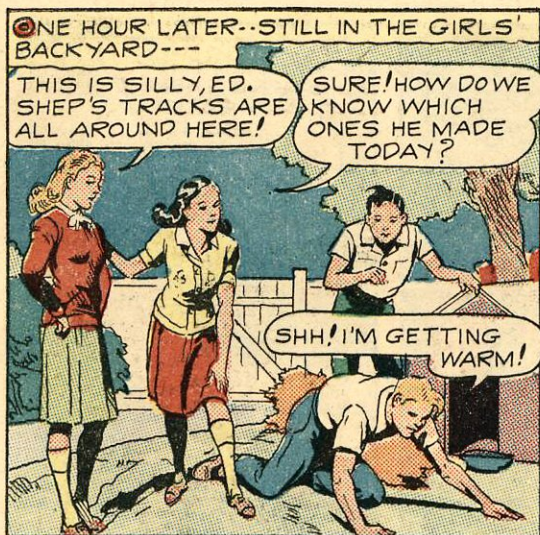


WITH WAR BONDS WE ARE SURE TO WIN
HOLD EVERY ONE, DON'T TURN THEM IN



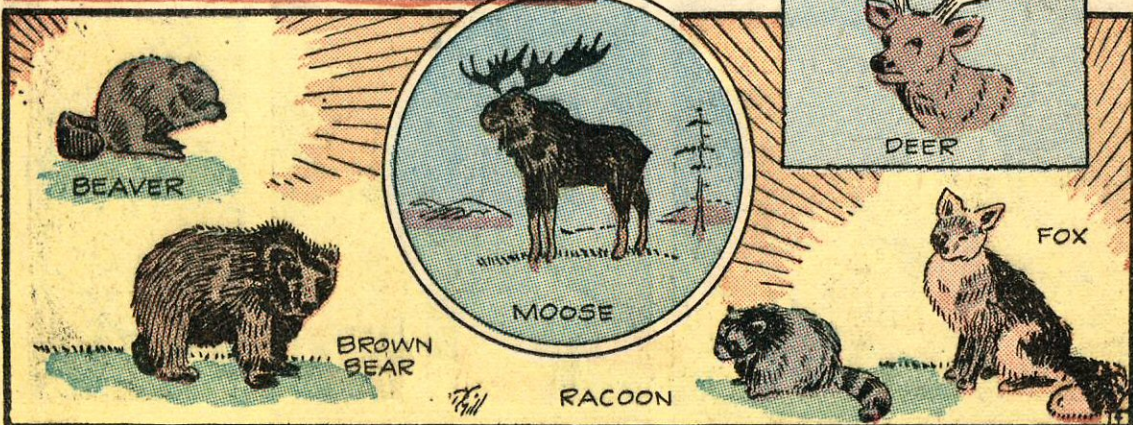
Know your ANIMAL TRACKS-



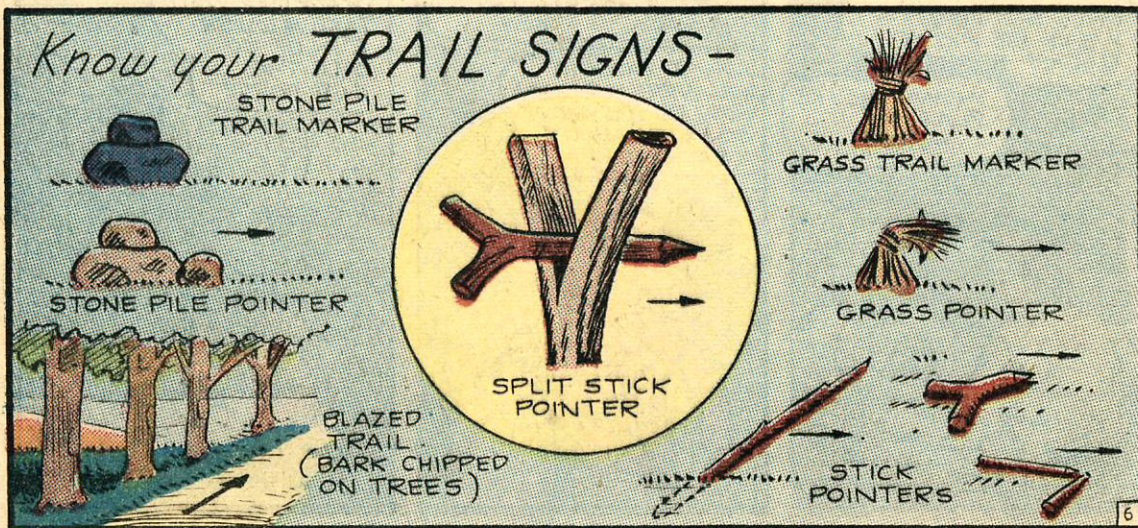
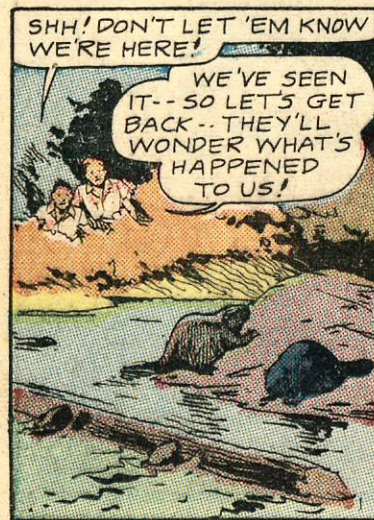
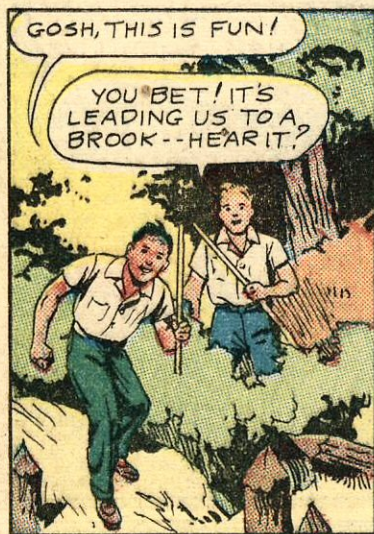




Know your ANIMALS!



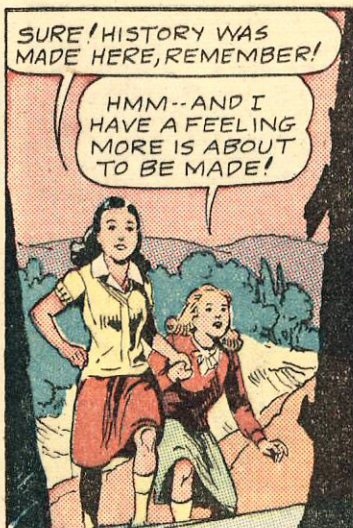






LET'S GO UP AND SEE THE CANNONS!

I THINK WE SHOULD?



SURE! HISTORY WAS MADE HERE, REMEMBER!

HMM--AND I HAVE A FEELING MORE IS ABOUT TO BE MADE!



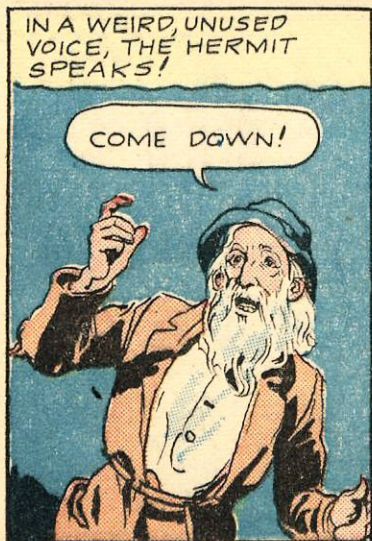
BOY-OH-BOY! ISN'T THIS VIEW SCRUMPTIOUS?



THERE'S SOMETHING ABOUT THIS PLACE THAT---

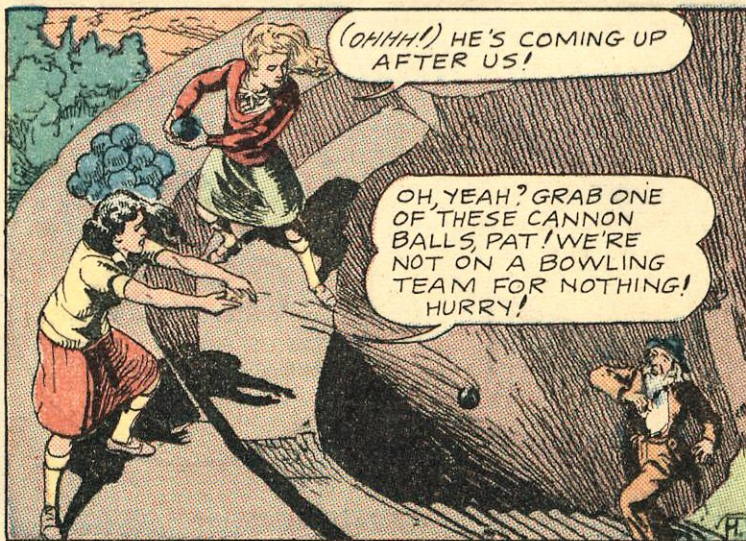


OHH--BABS! THERE'S SOMETHING DOWN THERE! **EEEE!**



IN A WEIRD, UNUSED VOICE, THE HERMIT SPEAKS!

COME DOWN!



(OHHH!) HE'S COMING UP AFTER US!

OH, YEAH? GRAB ONE OF THESE CANNON BALLS, PAT! WE'RE NOT ON A BOWLING TEAM FOR NOTHING! HURRY!

SCREAMING FOR HELP
THE GIRLS HOLD THE
HERMIT AT BAY WITH
A STEADY STREAM OF
CANNON BALLS--HOWEVER--

THIS IS THE LAST ONE!

WHERE ARE ED
AND JERRY!
HELP!
HELP!



HEAR THAT?
THAT WAS
BAB'S
VOICE!



THERE THEY ARE!

YIPE! AND
THERE'S THE
HERMIT!



SEEING THEIR CLUBS,
THE OLD HERMIT WHISTLES
FOR HELP AND ---



YEOW!
DOGS!!
FIGHT
THEM
OFF!

THAT'S
SHEP!

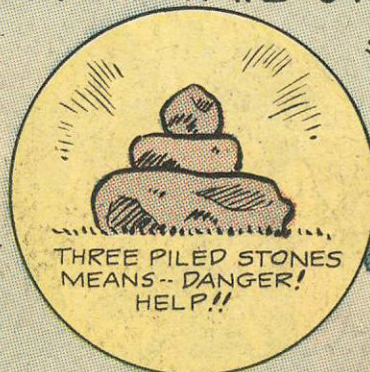
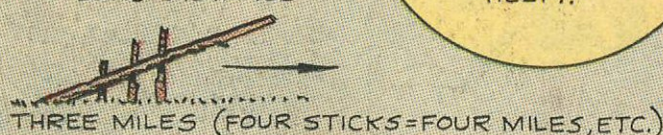


GOOD OLD SHEP!
WHAT ARE YOU
DOING HERE?

DOGNAPPING!
THAT'S WHAT
IT IS!



Know your INDIAN TRAIL SYMBOLS -



STAKES



FIRES

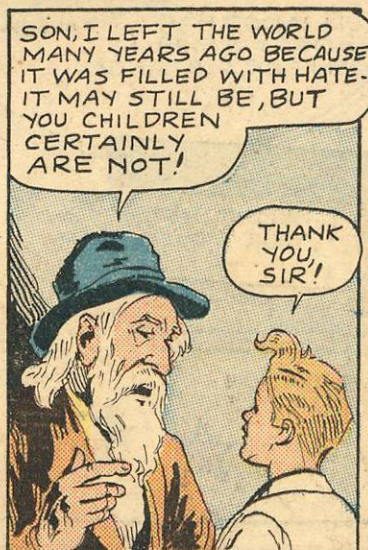
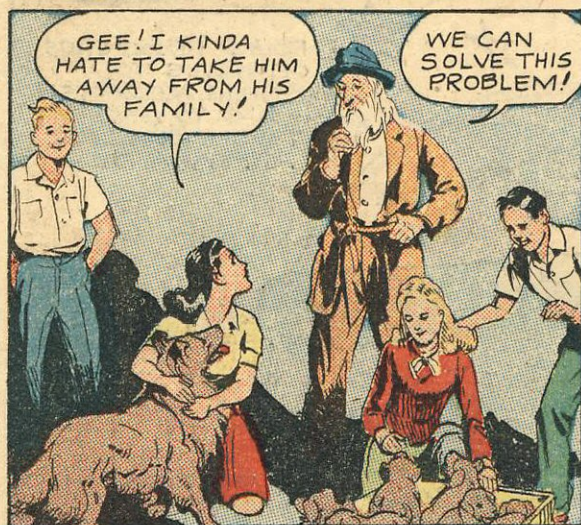


CHIPPED



CHOPPED





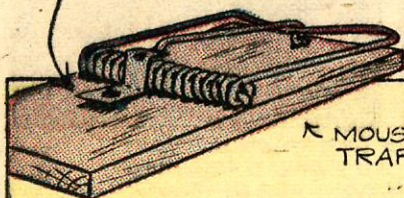
.. MOUSE TRAP CANNON

By AY 7/11



THIS HARMLESS BUT POWERFUL TOY IS EASILY MADE FROM A SECTION OF OLD PIPE, A MOUSE TRAP AND SOME SCRAP WOOD. WOOD DOWELS ARE USED FOR AMMUNITION TO KNOCK DOWN TOY SOLDIERS OR "ENEMY" EQUIPMENT.

"TRIGGER"



MOUSE TRAP

TO SET CANNON OFF, PRESS DOWN ON MOUSE TRAP TRIGGER.

CLANK!

PLUMBER'S TAPE OR ADHESIVE TAPE

PIPE

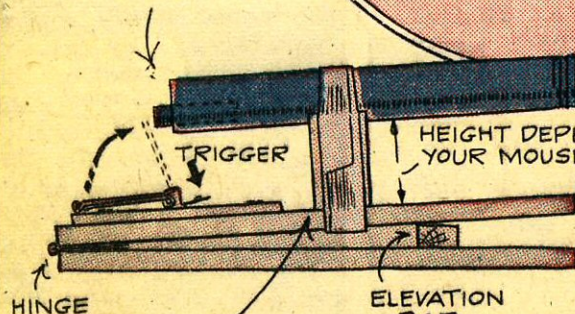
NOTCH

ROUND FRONT ENDS OF SHELLS TO PREVENT ACCIDENTS AND TO GIVE THEM A REALISTIC APPEARANCE

FIRST SET MOUSE TRAP--- THEN INSERT A DOWEL "SHELL" IN REAR OF BARREL WITH PART PROTRUDING.

PULL WOOD BAR BACK TO RAISE GUN FOR DISTANCE.

PAINT CANNON BROWN, GREY OR WITH CAMOUFLAGE COLORS.



HEIGHT DEPENDS ON YOUR MOUSE TRAP.

SIDE VIEW

HINGE

MOUSE TRAP SCREWED TO BASE

GUN MOUNT SCREWED ON FROM UNDER SIDE

ELEVATION BAR

BY SECURELY TAPING THE PIPE TO THE GUN MOUNT, WE PREVENT IT FROM BECOMING DISLODGED. THE MOUSE TRAP WILL HIT IT HARD! NOTE: KEEP FINGERS OFF BARREL WHEN SHOOTING!

YOUR WAR BONDS GIVE OUR FORCES POWER
BRINGING CLOSER VICTORY'S HOUR

MURDER ON RECORD

THE courtroom was tense and quiet as the prosecuting attorney started a summary of the case. The trial was in its second day, and there was ample evidence to close the case that afternoon. There were many who did not regret the fact that big Al Storki, kingpin of the city's racketeers, had been bumped off. All evidence pointed to one man, Joe Storki, brother of the murdered man.

"Ladies and gentlemen of the jury," the prosecuting attorney was beginning, "there is only one man in this room who could have murdered Al Storki," he said, gesturing towards Joe. "The evidence we have is concrete enough to convict him of murder in the first degree. It was a ruthlessly planned murder, devised to implicate a man who we know is innocent. That man, George Antilli, has established an alibi for an hour preceding the time of the murder. It is hard to believe that a man would, in cold blood, murder his own brother." He said the last with a contemptuous sneer. "But the evidence all points to that one verdict: GUILTY!" He rapped the last words out with conviction.

"Your witness," he said, turning to his competitor, the attorney for the defense.

* * * * *

IN THE front row, George Antilli was seated with attractive Nina Storki, sister of the murdered man. For years he'd had his eye on the pretty sister of his boss. And now, with Al dead, there was only himself left to be with her, for it looked very much as if Joe, the boss's brother, would soon be out of the way, too. Then the last barrier would be down and he'd have full control of the business and the sister.

The murder weapon had been found on the top of George's desk. At first, it had seemed to

implicate him, but upon examination, they'd found the gun to be the one that Joe Storki had bought four months before. When Joe was asked about it, he said:

"Sure, I bought the gun. But anyone could have gotten it out of my desk. I never kept the desk locked. Why? Does that prove at all that I had anything to do with the murder?"

"Not much," they told him, "except that you're under suspicion of murdering your brother." And later, when the police found the dictaphone record, the case had been clinched.

Big Al had been in his sound-proof room making a record to his secretary at the time of the shooting. The record had been a relation to the secretary of the things that had to be done the next day. While he was dictating, someone must have entered the room. Al had forgotten to turn off the record when his visitor arrived, and the machine went on registering the events that took place while the other person was in the room.

• • • • •

THE other voice could not be heard, but, from Al's words, it was apparent what had happened.

"I can't let you take ten grand, Joe. You've spent too much the last two weeks. At that rate, you'll have us spending more than we make in our little business."

There was a short pause. "Joe, what are you doing with that gun?" Another pause. "Don't be such a fool, Joe. If you need it that badly, I'll give you twenty. No, Joe! Joe, don't!"

The last trailed off in a moan as the sound of a shot pierced the silence. Then there was nothing but silence. Al's moan had been the last sound—the rest of the record was blank. The police had found it in the machine. It looked bad for Joe. He had no alibi to cover him. He'd been in the building at the time, and could easily have committed the crime.

George had a good alibi. He'd been in the "Club 49-er" with Nina. And she vouched for that when she was questioned about it. The only time she hadn't been with him was for ten minutes when she'd left him alone in the club.

However, the "Club 49-er" was only a block away from Al's office, and Nina said that she and George had gone to see Al later, only to find the place swarming with police, busy investigating the murder of her brother.

It looked like an open and shut case. The evidence all pointed at Joe Storki. As the defense attorney questioned him, he stood fast on his assertion that he knew nothing of the crime.

Joe's story was that he'd been working on notes in his office.

* * * * *

SUDDENLY, the courtroom proceeding was interrupted as the door flew open and a wild-eyed man entered. He was flushed, dripping with perspiration, as two policemen stepped forward and held him by the arms. The crowd in the courtroom looked, and the tense atmosphere broke, everyone adding to the hubbub.

"We couldn't keep him out, your Honor," one of the officers said.

"No," the newcomer said, "I know Joe couldn't have killed Al Storki. I can prove it, too. I know he didn't do it. I know it."

The judge shouted and banged the desk top for order as the new witness, still held by the two policemen, walked toward the front of the room.

* * * * *

THE new witness was put on the stand, and the attorney for the defense got ready to take advantage of this sudden change in the picture. He was smiling more confidently. And Joe Storki, for the first time in hours, looked as if he had some hope of being saved. Every pair of eyes in the room was focused on the stand now, and the attorney fired his first question at the witness.

"Now tell us," he said, "just how you know Joe Storki didn't commit the crime, and why you haven't appeared until now."

"I work for Al Storki. I did work for him," he amended. "I delivered cash, notes and other things for him. The morning he was killed, I brought a satchel of bank-notes to his office. When I got in the door, he'd usually yell something at me, but that morning he didn't say a word. I thought it was kinda funny, so I asked him what was the matter. He pointed to his throat, then wrote down on a paper all the things I was supposed to do with the money I'd brought him that day. I was still curious about what was wrong, so I asked him again. He wrote it down on the paper. He had been to the fights the night before and he had strained his voice so he couldn't speak. Joe and Nina didn't know he was that way, because they hadn't seen him yet that day. But I did, and I know the shape he was in!"

* * * * *

HE PAUSED a moment. "I read in the paper about that record they had as evidence, but Al Storki never made it, be-

cause he couldn't talk. Here's the paper he wrote my instructions for the day on."

The attorney's face changed slowly from its haunted, nervous look, to a smile of confidence. He had stopped his nervous pacing, the tension in his face having disappeared. He approached the judge's stand amidst the whispers and the mad clicking of the typewriters that were registering the rapid turn of events.

He said: "I suggest, your Honor, that we play the dictaphone again and try to determine who could have made the record, as it is now evident that Al Storki could not have made it. This is concrete evidence that proves the defendant, Joe Storki, is not the murderer!"

* * * * *

THE room buzzed with excitement, and the spectators leaned forward on the very edge of their seats, afraid to miss anything that might occur. The judge pounded the table before him, then boomed out in a ponderous manner: "Order in the court!"

Silence followed his words and he continued, "Play the record again."

They secured the record, handing it with utmost care. As they made ready to play it, the only sound heard was the clicking machines that kept a constant summary of the trial. They played it all the way through, listening to every word attentively—hanging on every sound, trying to find the key to unravel the mystery. Suddenly, the attorney straightened up.

"It's not Al Storki's voice. I know whose it is!" He turned to George Antilli. "Will you say for me, 'Bigger and better?'" he asked.

* * * * *

ANTILLI was looking about him nervously, saying nothing.

"Well?" the attorney asked.

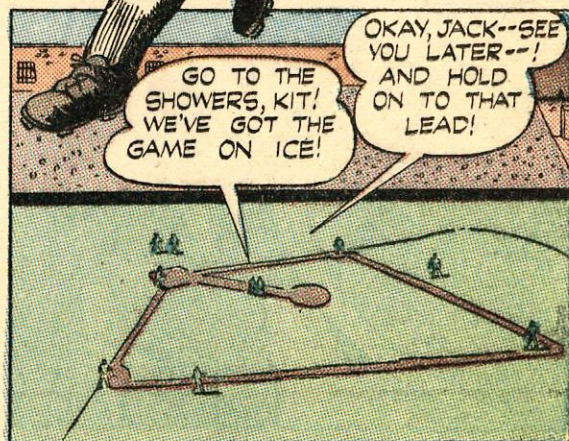
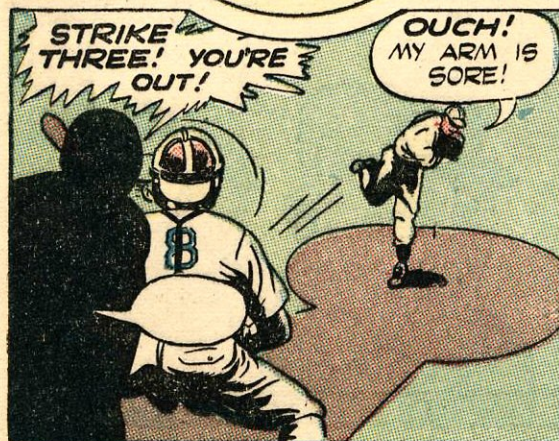
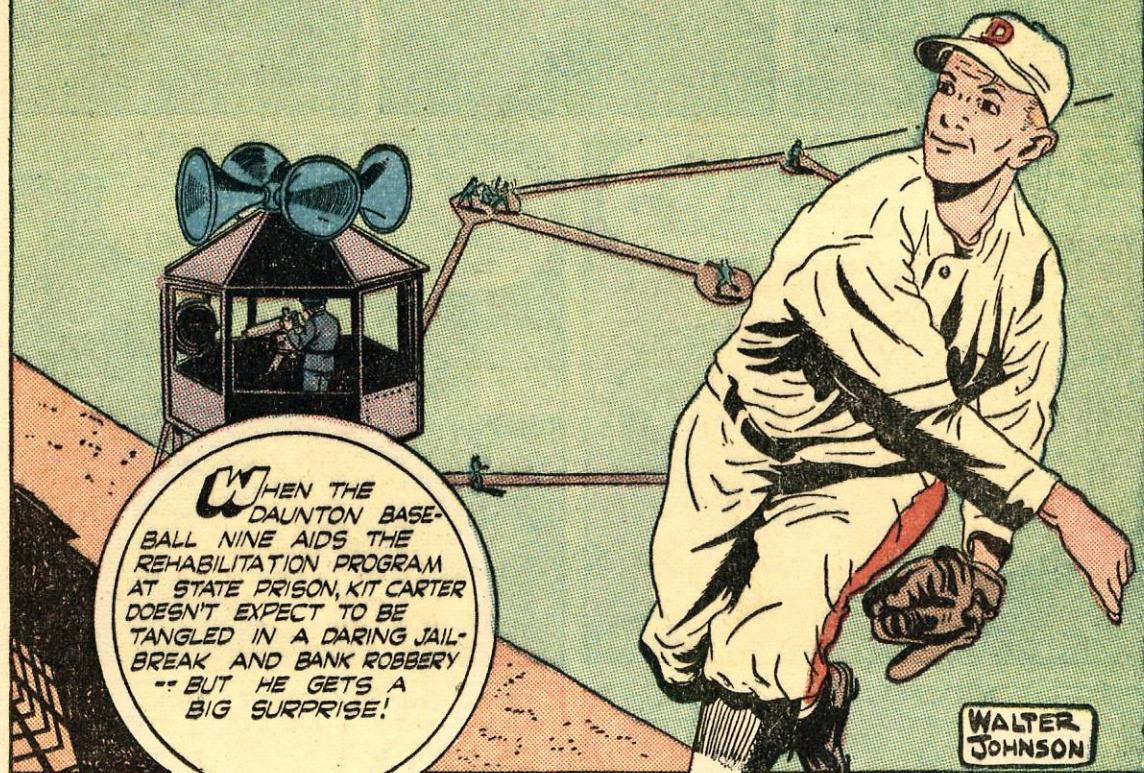
He waited, then said: "Antilli, you're the man who murdered Al Storki. It would leave you with control of the racket if he were out of the way, along with his brother, Joe. Wouldn't it? You had me fooled for awhile, but I see it now. Those ten minutes Miss Storki left you at the club would be sufficient time for you to kill Al, leave the gun on your desk and get back. You'd already made the record, and just left it in the machine."

Then he added: "The way Mr. Antilli bites his b's off is the same way the voice on the record says them—something Al Storki never did. It's a good imitation, Mr. Antilli."

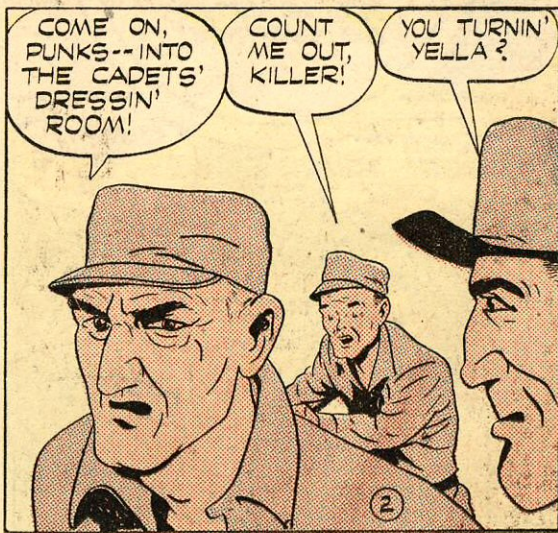
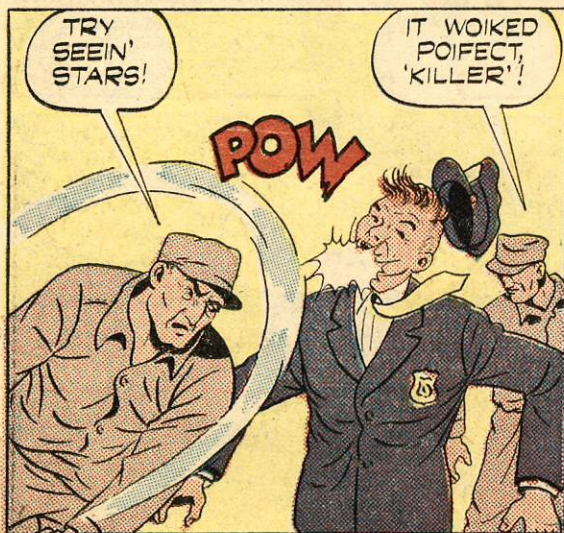
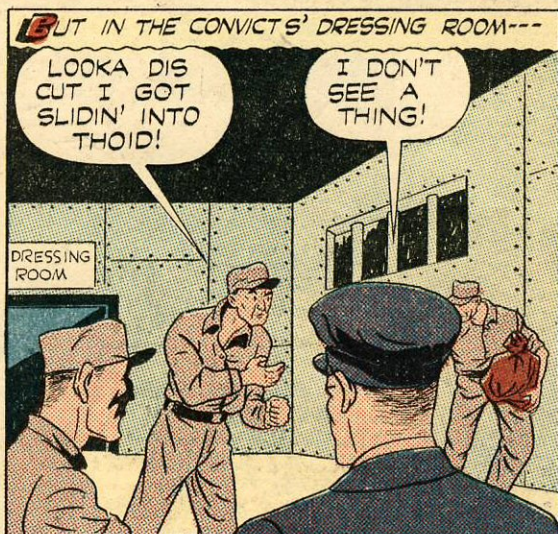
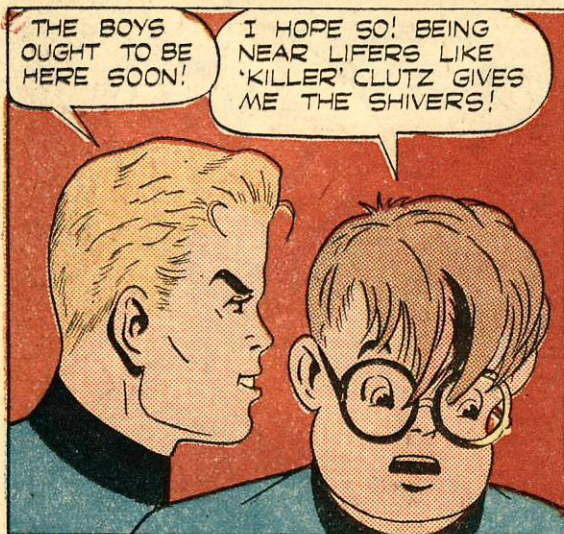
The "Murder on Record" case was officially closed.

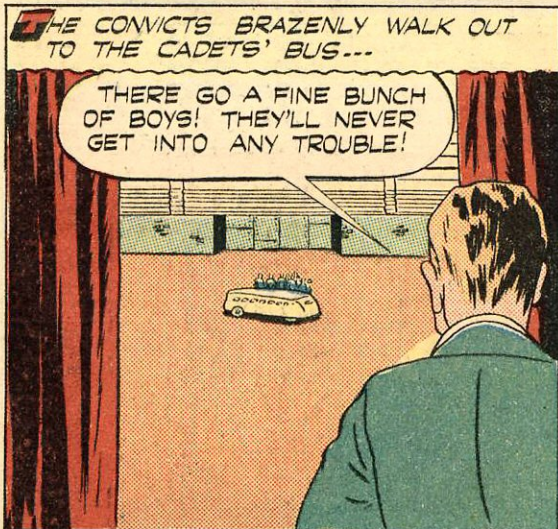
THE END

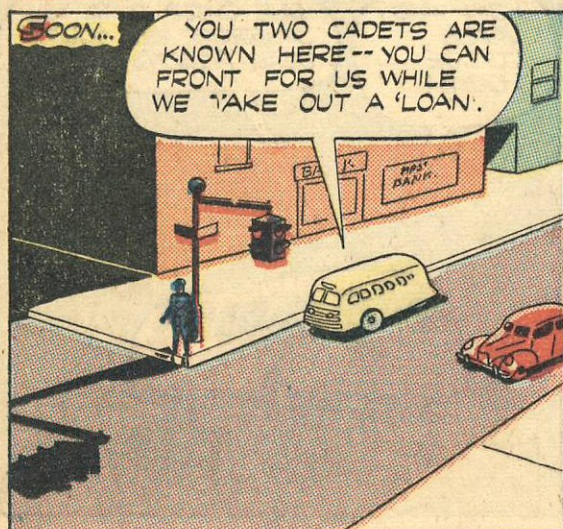
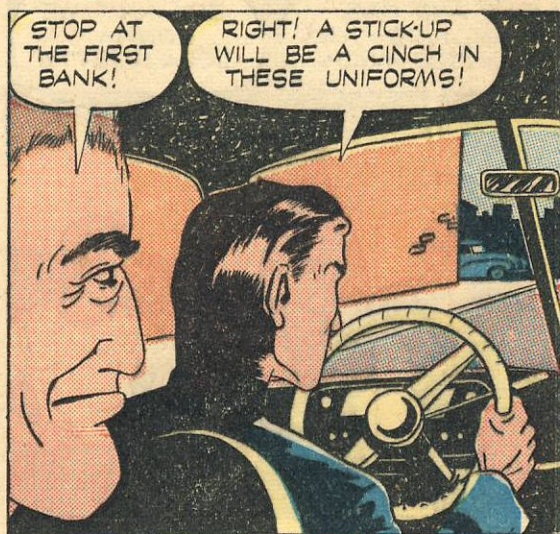
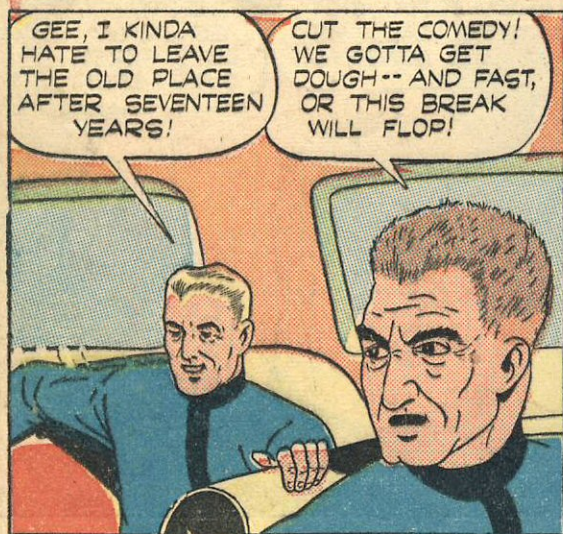
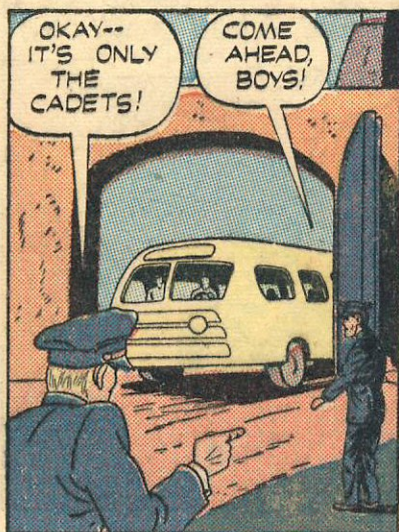
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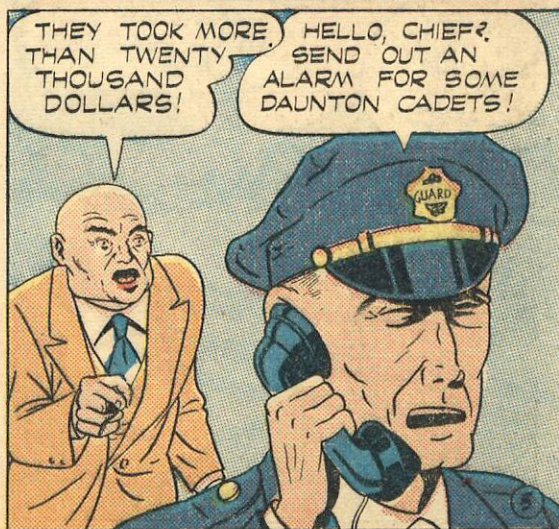
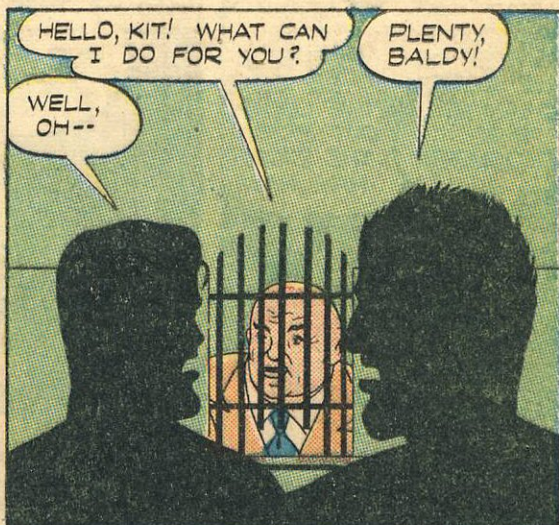


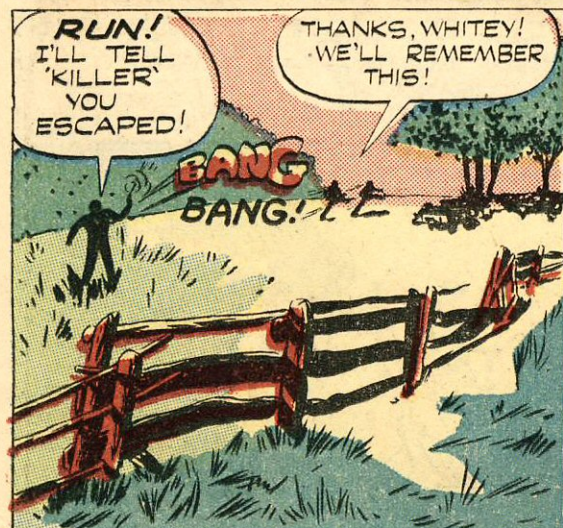
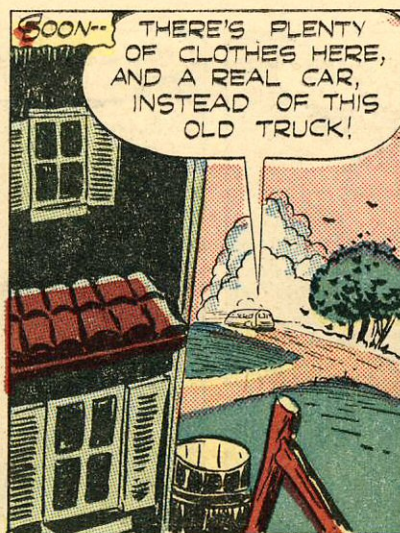
WAR BONDS BOUGHT AT EVERY CHANCE
ARE SURE TO HURRY OUR ADVANCE

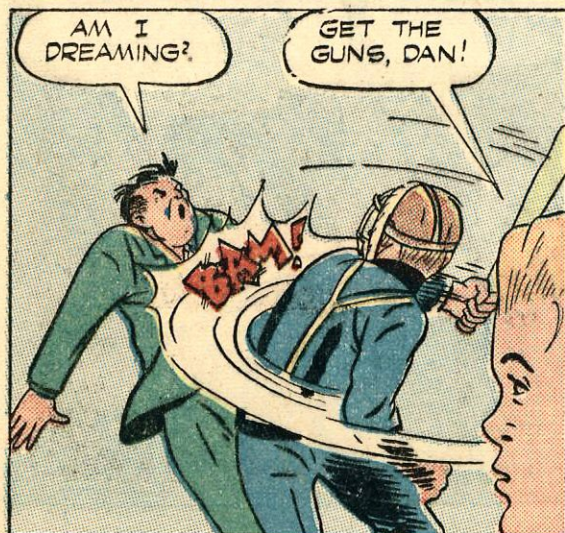
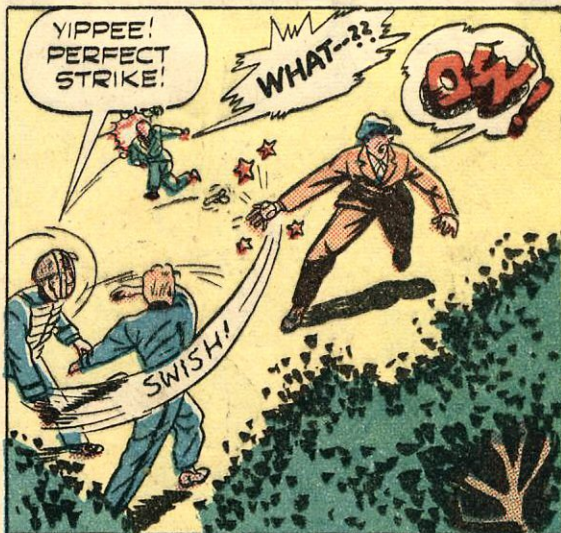
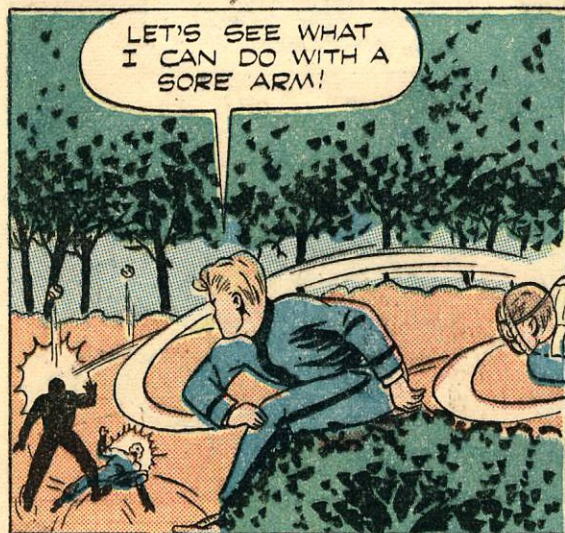
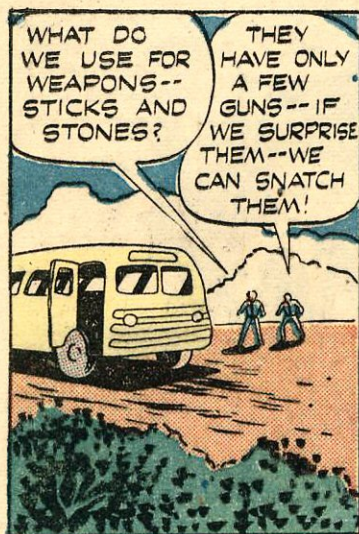


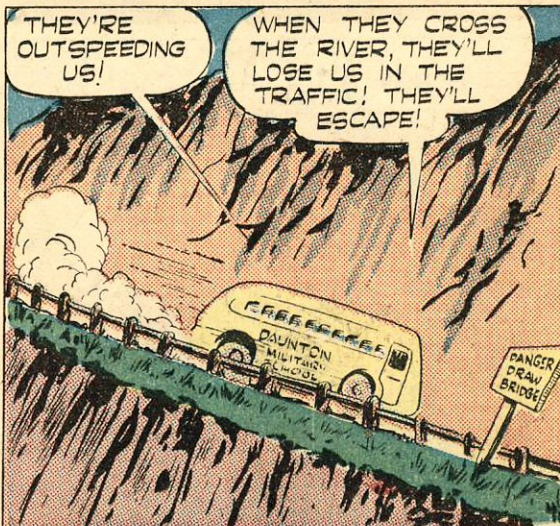
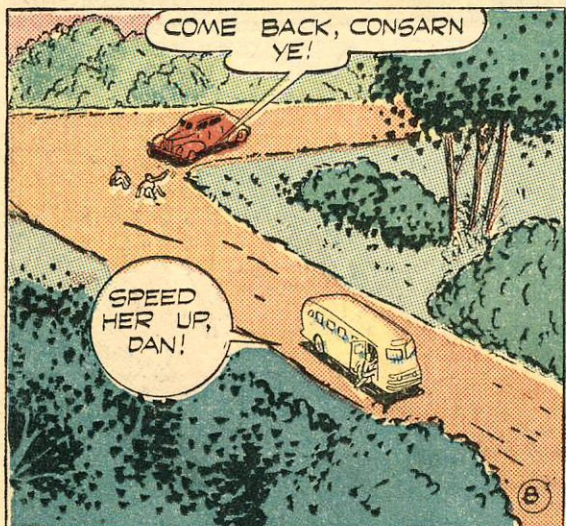
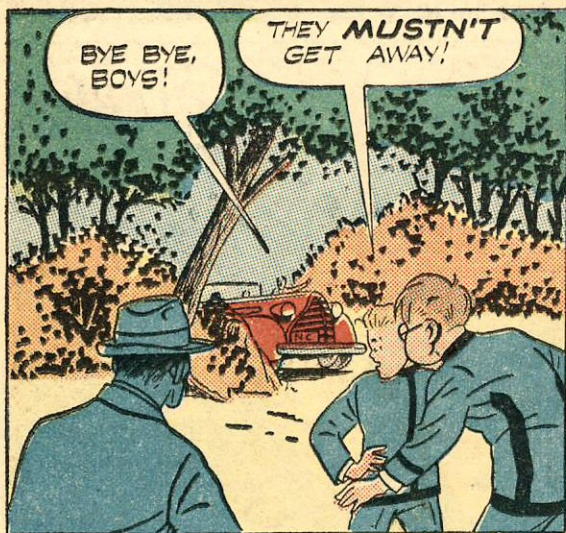


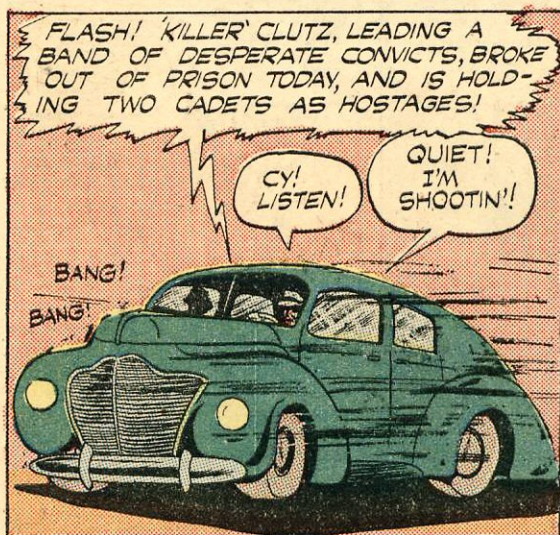
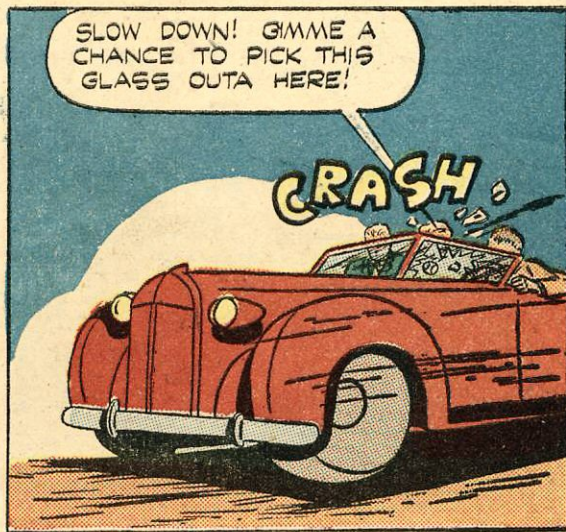


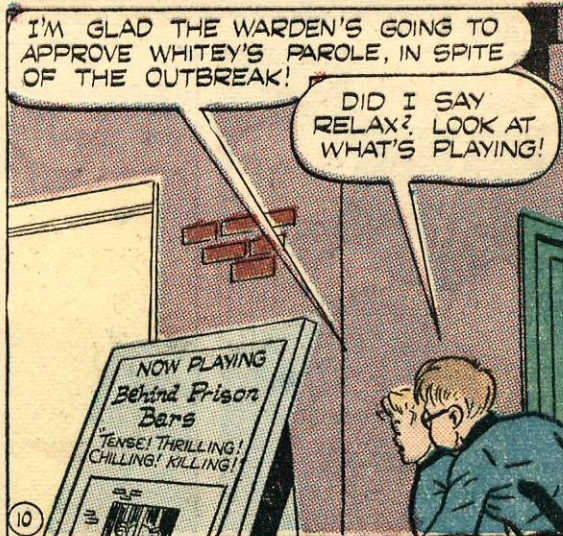
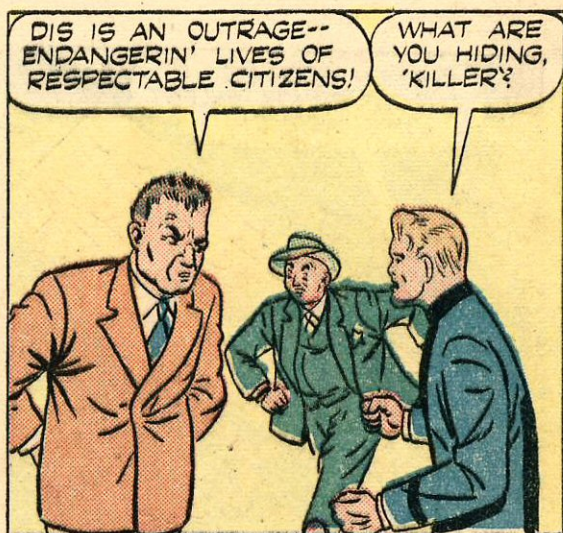












WAR BONDS ARE OUR BEST INSURANCE
THEY'LL PUT AN END TO JAP ENDURANCE

CANDID

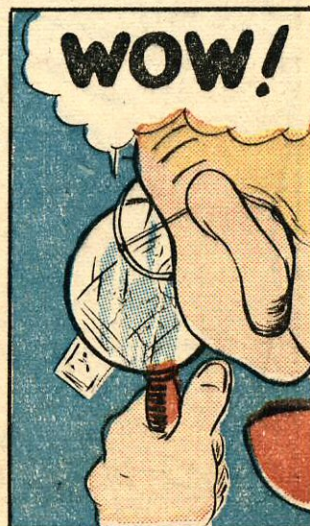
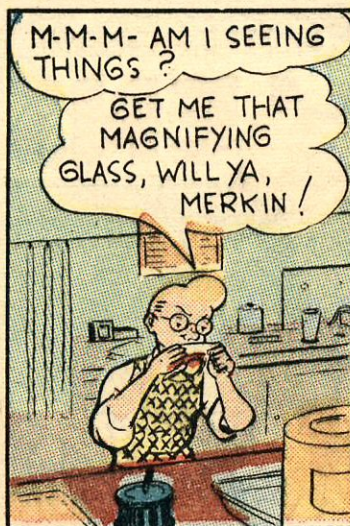
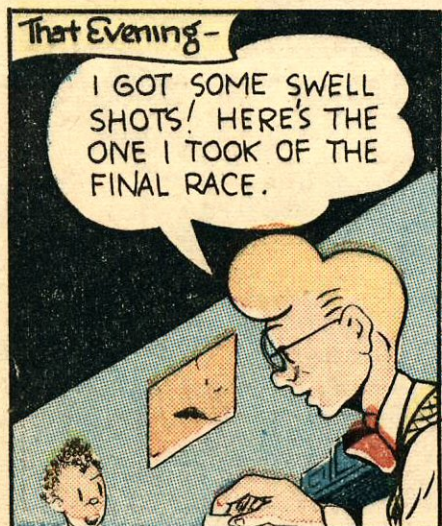
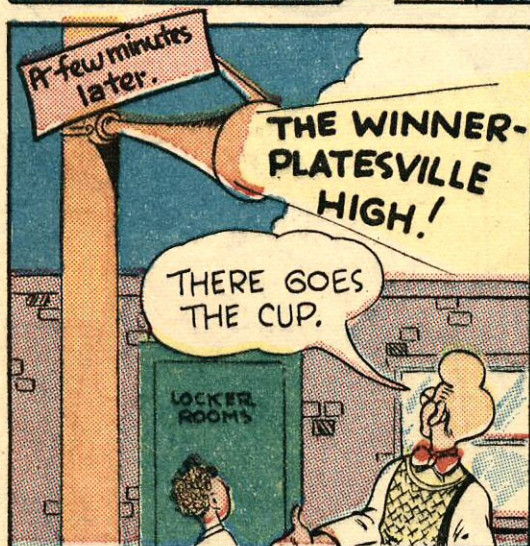
CHARLIE

BY
B. Gordon Guth

FOR YEARS INTENSE RIVALRY HAS EXISTED BETWEEN LENSVILLE HIGH AND PLATESVILLE HIGH. EACH SCHOOL HAS WON THE ATHLETIC CUP IN ALTERNATE YEARS AND NOW, HAVING TIED EACH OTHER IN EVERY CONTEST, THE FINAL EVENT-A CROSS COUNTRY RACE-WILL DECIDE THE WINNER.

LENSVILLE H

BUY WAR BONDS---THAT'S OUR TIP
TO HELP DEFEAT THE WILY NIP



ACCORDING TO THIS PICTURE,
JOE TIMPKIN OF LENSVILLE HIGH
TOUCHED THE TAPE FIRST!
IT WAS A PHOTO FINISH!
THE JUDGES MADE A
MISTAKE.

CHEE! DAT
MEANS LENSVILLE
GETS DA CUP!

I'M GONNA
ENLARGE IT RIGHT AWAY.
WE'LL TAKE IT OVER TO
THE SCHOOL IN THE
MORNING.

O.K.,
I'M GOIN' FER
A SODA.

AS MERKIN IS WALKING TOWARDS
THE DRUGSTORE, HE MEETS ONE
OF HIS OLD GANG.

BUTCH! WOT ARE YA
DOIN' IN DIS PART O'
TOWN. DON'TCHA'
LIVE IN PLATESVILLE
ANYMORE?

SURE, JUST VISTIN'.
SAY, WE GAVE DIS
BURG SOME
SHELLACKING TODAY.
PLATESVILLE HIGH
IS DOIN' A LOT O'
CELEBRATIN'.

DEY'S GOIN' TA BE
AWFUL SAD TOMORRA,
DAL! WE GOT A
PITCHER OF DA FINISH
OF DA LAST RACE, AN IT
SHOWS LENSVILLE DA
WINNER! WOT DA YA
TINK O'
DAT?

AW! YOU'RE
KIDDIN'.

ALTHOUGH BUTCH DIDN'T
BELIEVE MERKIN, BY THE TIME
THE STORY GOT AROUND
PLATESVILLE, IT BECAME AN
ESTABLISHED FACT.

SOME KID SNAPPED
A PICTURE OF THE
FINISH OF THE RACE,
AND IT SHOWS
LENSVILLE HIGH
THE WINNER.

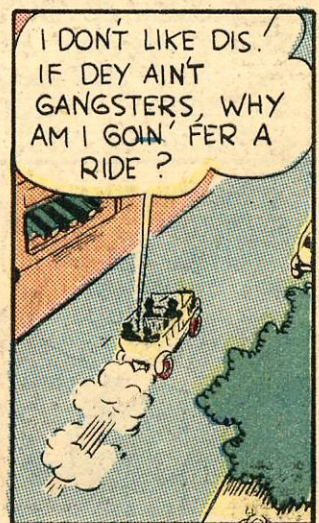
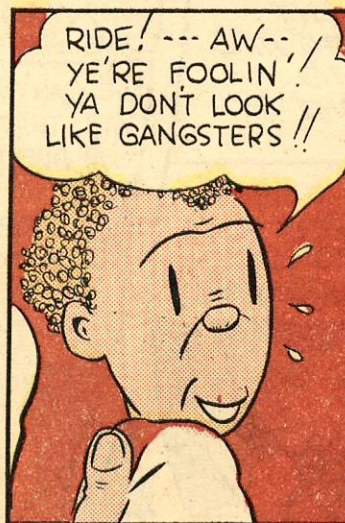
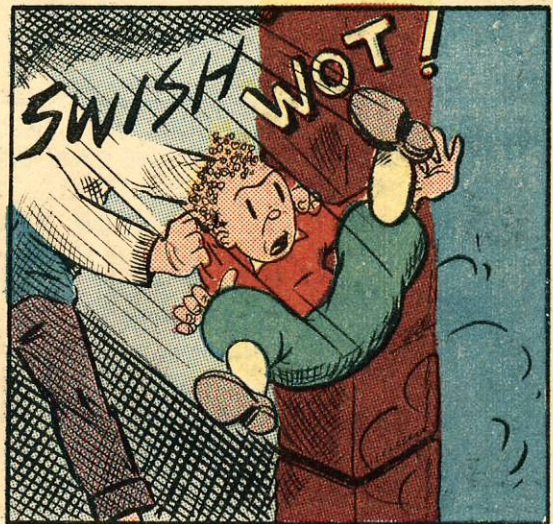
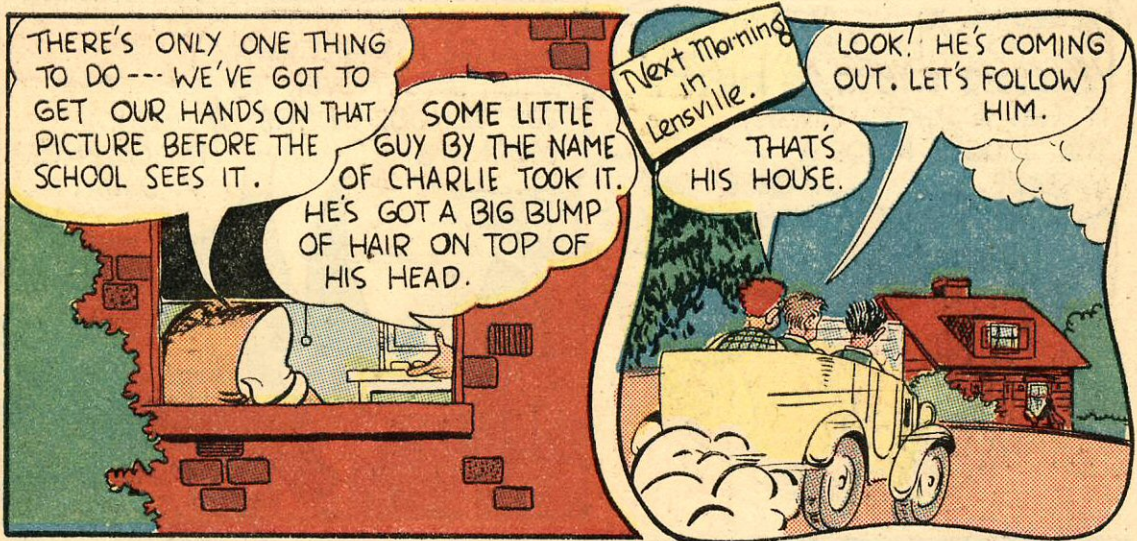
IF IT'S TRUE,
WE'RE GOING
TO LOOK
AWFULLY SILLY.

AND NOW, WE LOOK IN ON SOME OF
THE BOYS OF PLATESVILLE HIGH.

WE CAN'T LET LENSVILLE HIGH
WIN THAT CUP. IT'LL RUIN
OUR CELEBRATING,
OUR PRESTIGE.

WE'VE GOT TO
DO SOMETHING.

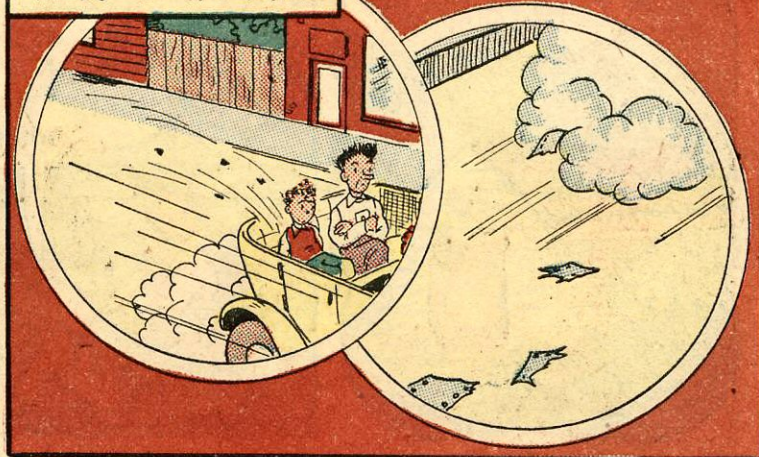
AFTER ALL
OUR CELEBRATING,
WE'D BE THE
LAUGHING STOCK OF
THE TOWN.



AS THEY RIDE ALONG, MERKIN REMEMBERS A ROLL OF FILM HE HAS IN HIS BACK POCKET, AND-



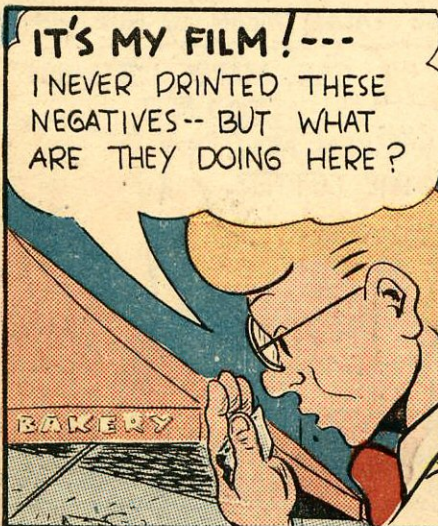
STARTS TO TEAR OFF PIECES OF THE FILM.



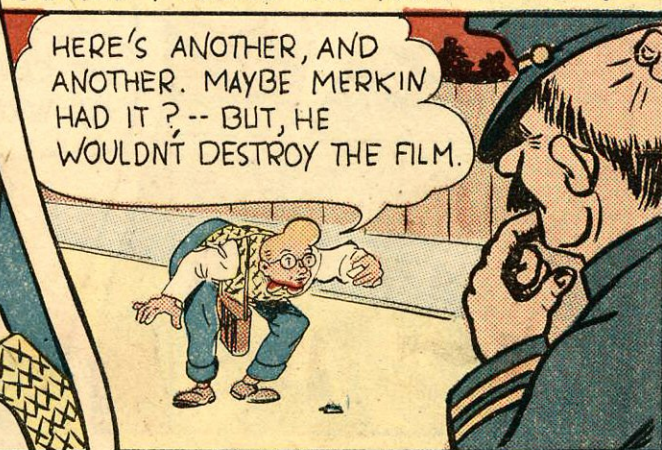
MEANWHILE, BACK AT THE HOUSE -



CHARLIE FINALLY DECIDES TO GO WITHOUT MERKIN, AND AS HE WALKS TOWARDS SCHOOL.



FORGETTING ABOUT EVERYTHING ELSE, CHARLIE FOLLOWS THE PATH OF FILM.



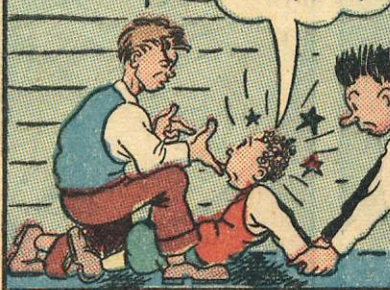
ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF
THE TOWN.

LE' ME OUTA HERE!

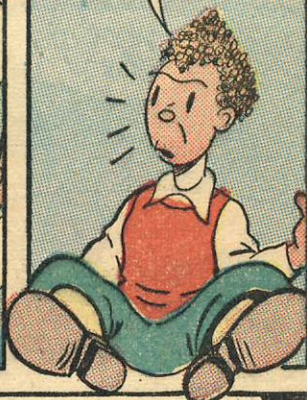


NOW, LISTEN, CHUM- WE
DONT WANT TO GET ROUGH.

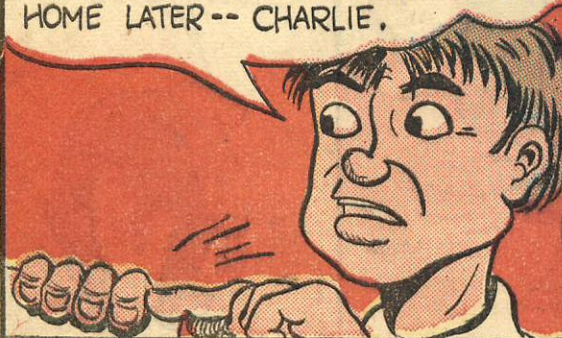
WOT ARE YA
DOIN' NOW,
PLAYIN' TIDDLY
WINKS?



WILL YA PLEASE
TELL ME WOT DIS
IS ALL ABOUT?



WE WANT THAT PICTURE YOU TOOK OF
THE FINAL RACE DESTROYED. HERE,
WRITE A NOTE TO YOUR HOME SAYING YOU
FORGOT IT, AND WHERE IT CAN BE FOUND-
PLEASE GIVE IT TO BEARER, WILL BE
HOME LATER -- CHARLIE.

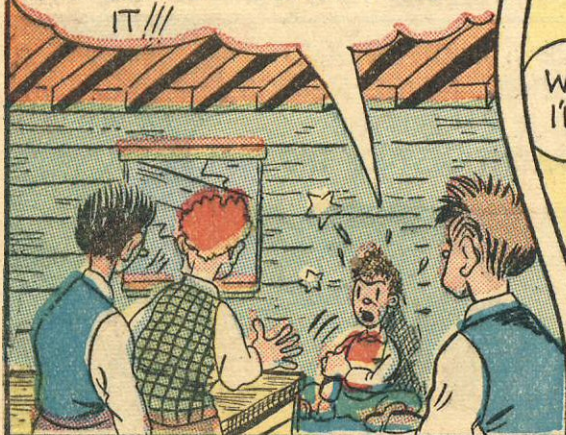


CHEE! DEY TINK IM
CHARLIE -- IF I START TA
WRITE, DEY'LL KNOW I AINT
HIM --

IDEA



OH! -- MY ARM -- MY ARM!
IT'S BROKE -- I CAN'T MOVE
IT!!!



GOSH! WE DIDN'T MEAN TO HURT HIM.

GEE, MAYBE WE WENT
TOO FAR.

WE CAN'T WEAKEN NOW.
I'LL WRITE THE LETTER.

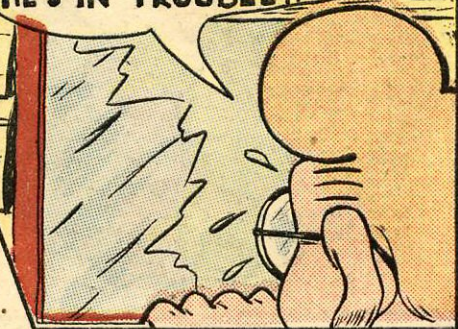


AND NOW, WE FIND CHARLIE,
WHO HAS BEEN FOLLOWING
THE PIECES OF FILM.

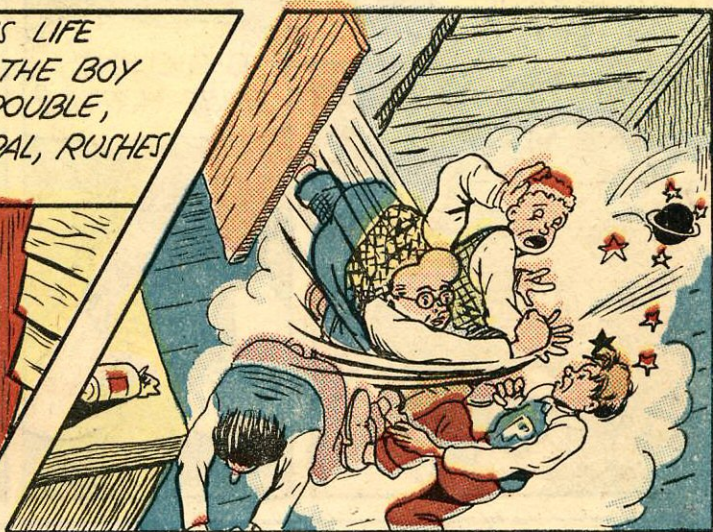
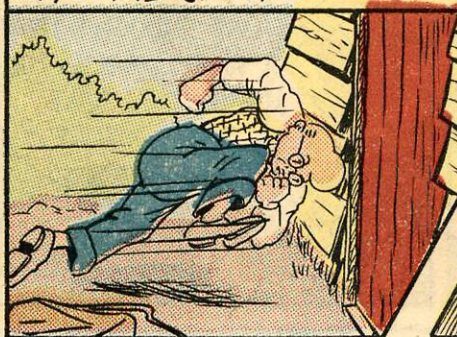


SMOLEY HOKE! --
MERKIN!

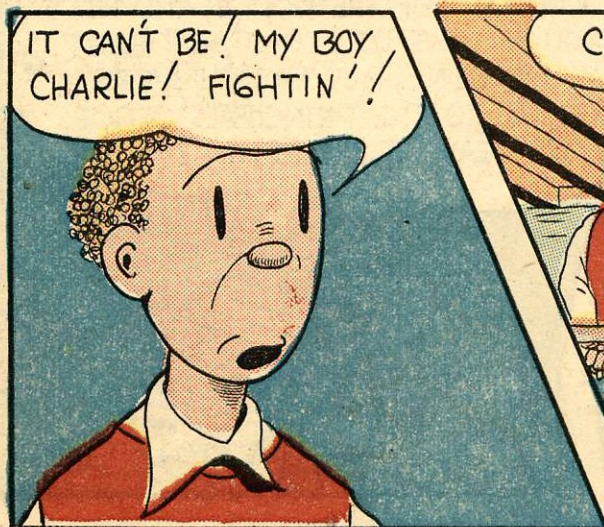
HE DROPPED THAT FILM
TO LEAD ME HERE --
HE'S IN TROUBLE!!



FOR THE FIRST TIME IN HIS LIFE
CHARLIE SEES RED, AND THE BOY
WHO ALWAYS AVOIDED TROUBLE,
THINKING ONLY OF HIS PAL, RUSHES
INTO THE SHACK.

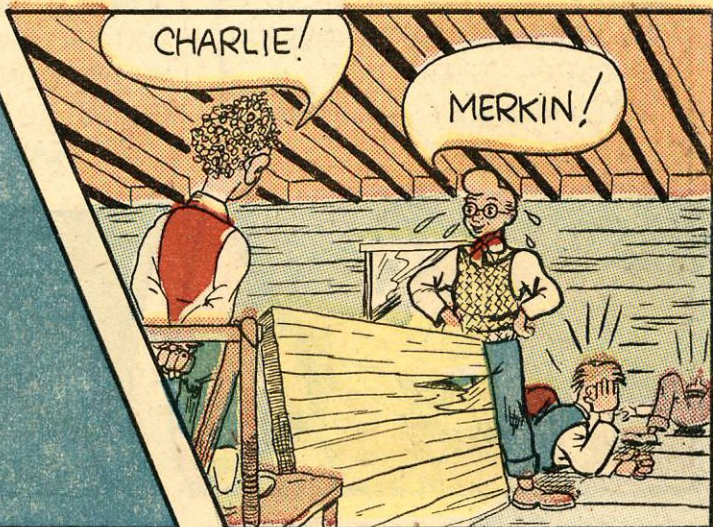


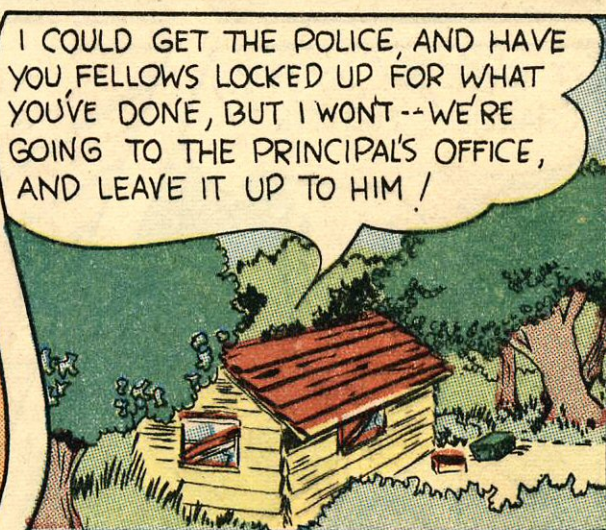
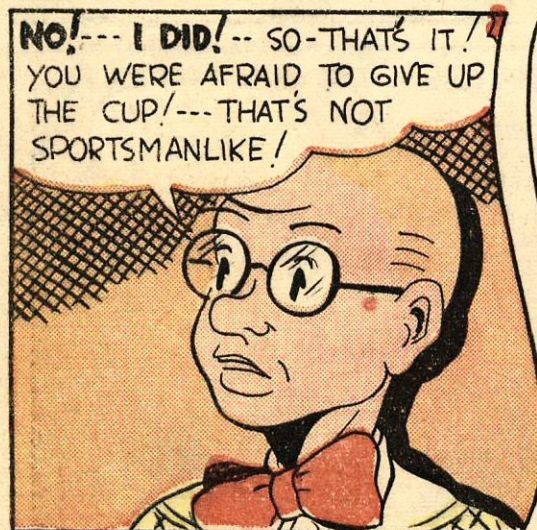
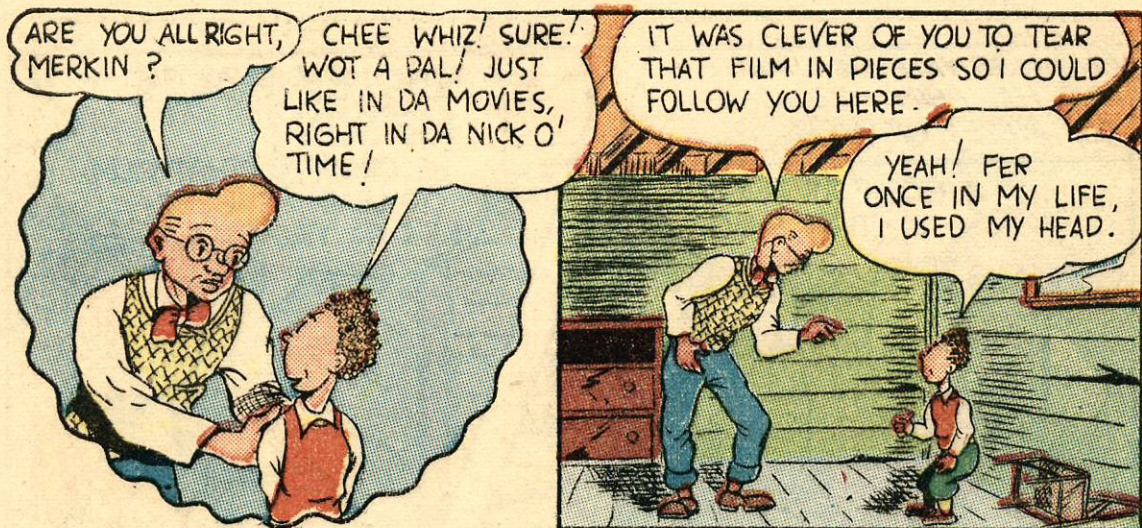
IT CAN'T BE! MY BOY
CHARLIE! FIGHTIN'!



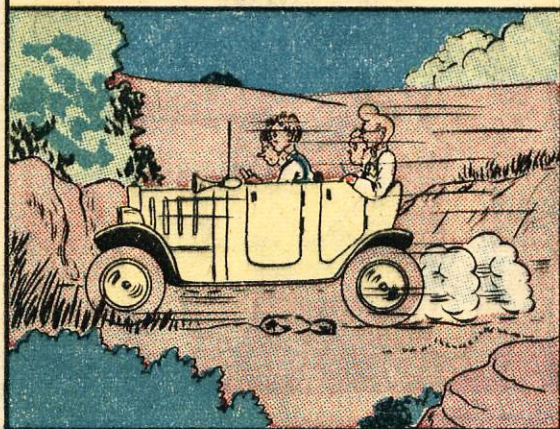
CHARLIE!

MERKIN!



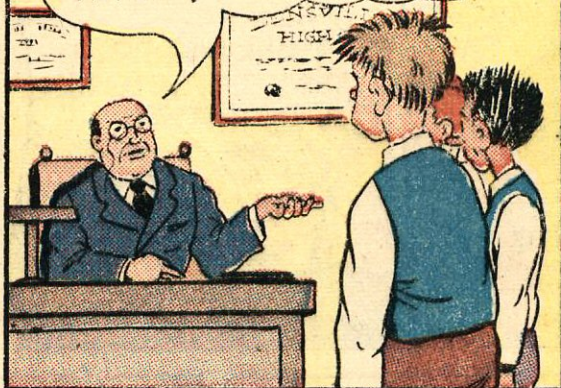


CHARLIE MAKES THE BOYS DRIVE
BACK TO LENSVILLE HIGH WITH
HIM.



THE PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE -

AND NOW, SUPPOSE YOU TELL ME
WHAT PROMPTED THIS BOLD
ACTION ?



WELL, SIR, WE DIDN'T WANT TO GIVE
THE CUP BACK. WE THOUGHT IF THE
PICTURE OF THAT FINAL RACE, WHICH
SHOWED LENSVILLE HIGH THE WINNER-
WAS DESTROYED, AND IF WE COULD SCARE
CHARLIE, SO HE WOULDN'T MENTION IT-
NO ONE WOULD KNOW.



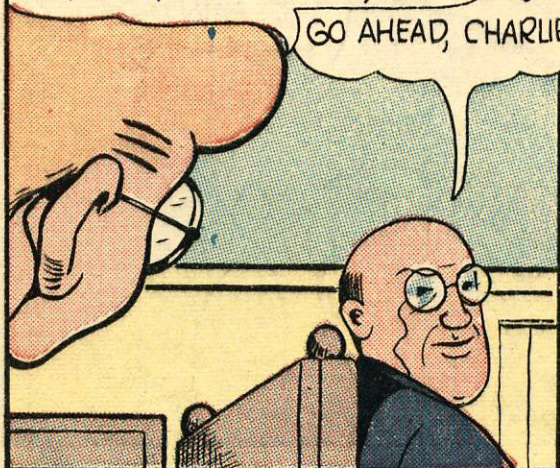
THIS IS OUTRAGEOUS-TO MAR THE
FINE RECORD OUR TWO SCHOOLS HAVE
AS FRIENDLY RIVALS. I'M GOING TO
HAVE YOU BOYS EXPELLED FROM
PLATESVILLE HIGH!



WE DESERVE IT-
SIR!

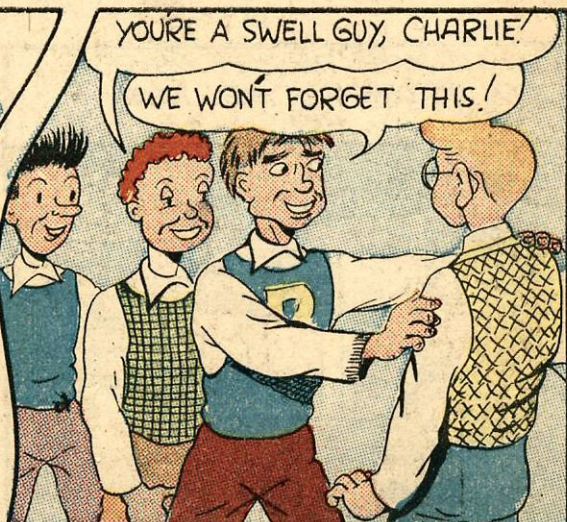
MAY I SAY SOMETHING, SIR ?

GO AHEAD, CHARLIE.

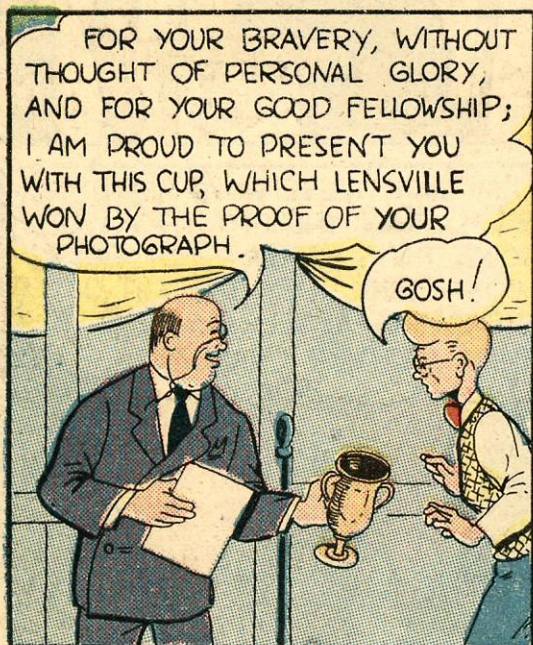


I'M SURE THESE BOYS MEANT NO
HARM. THEY THOUGHT THEY WERE
DOING THE SCHOOL A GREAT FAVOR.
I DON'T THINK THEY THOUGHT OF
THEMSELVES AT ALL. PLEASE GIVE
THEM ANOTHER CHANCE !





IT'S A GREAT DAY FOR LENSVILLE HIGH. THE STADIUM IS PACKED SOLID. EVERYONE HAS HEARD ABOUT CHARLIE'S PICTURE, BUT- NO ONE KNOWS THE TROUBLE CHARLIE WENT THROUGH BECAUSE OF IT.



WAR BONDS BOUGHT BY EVERYONE
ARE SURE TO SET THAT "RISING SUN"

SMASHING BOOK OFFER

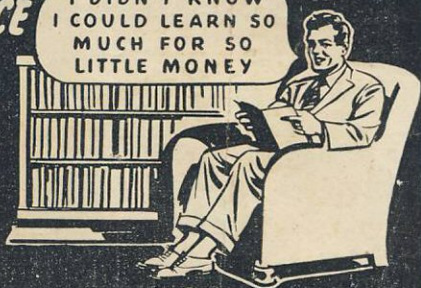
YOUR CHOICE OF ANY OF THESE EDUCATIONAL BOOKS FREE WITH YOUR ORDER!

YOUR CHOICE

50¢
EA.

See FREE
OFFER

I DIDN'T KNOW
I COULD LEARN SO
MUCH FOR SO
LITTLE MONEY



In every dynamic action packed page of this sensational book, you will learn quickly and easily through our amazing new "slow-motion picture" method. You will learn every stance, every hold, every grip as portrayed by our experts. It's just like getting personal instruction in the privacy of your own home. The experts who prepared these instructions want every red-blooded American to know how to defend himself. 50¢

Never again cringe or shy away from a scrap. Imagine the wonderful feeling of confidence that will come when you know that you're nobody's slave, and that nobody can push you around. Think of the respect that others will have for you, and the safety they'll feel being with you, when they find out what a rough, tough, scrapping, deadly-efficient hellion you can be. Kayo your adversary with one clean, scientific blow. 50¢

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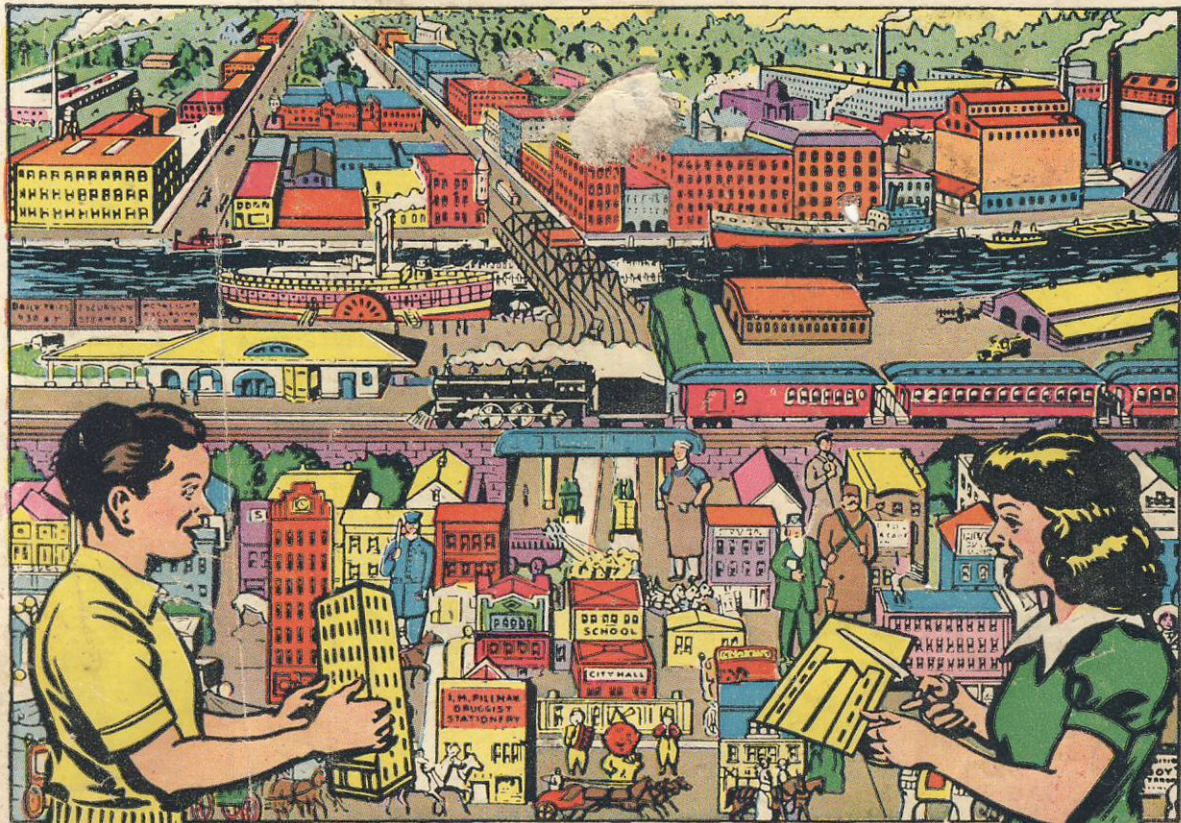
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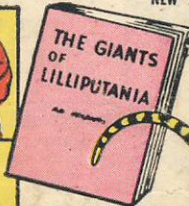
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